

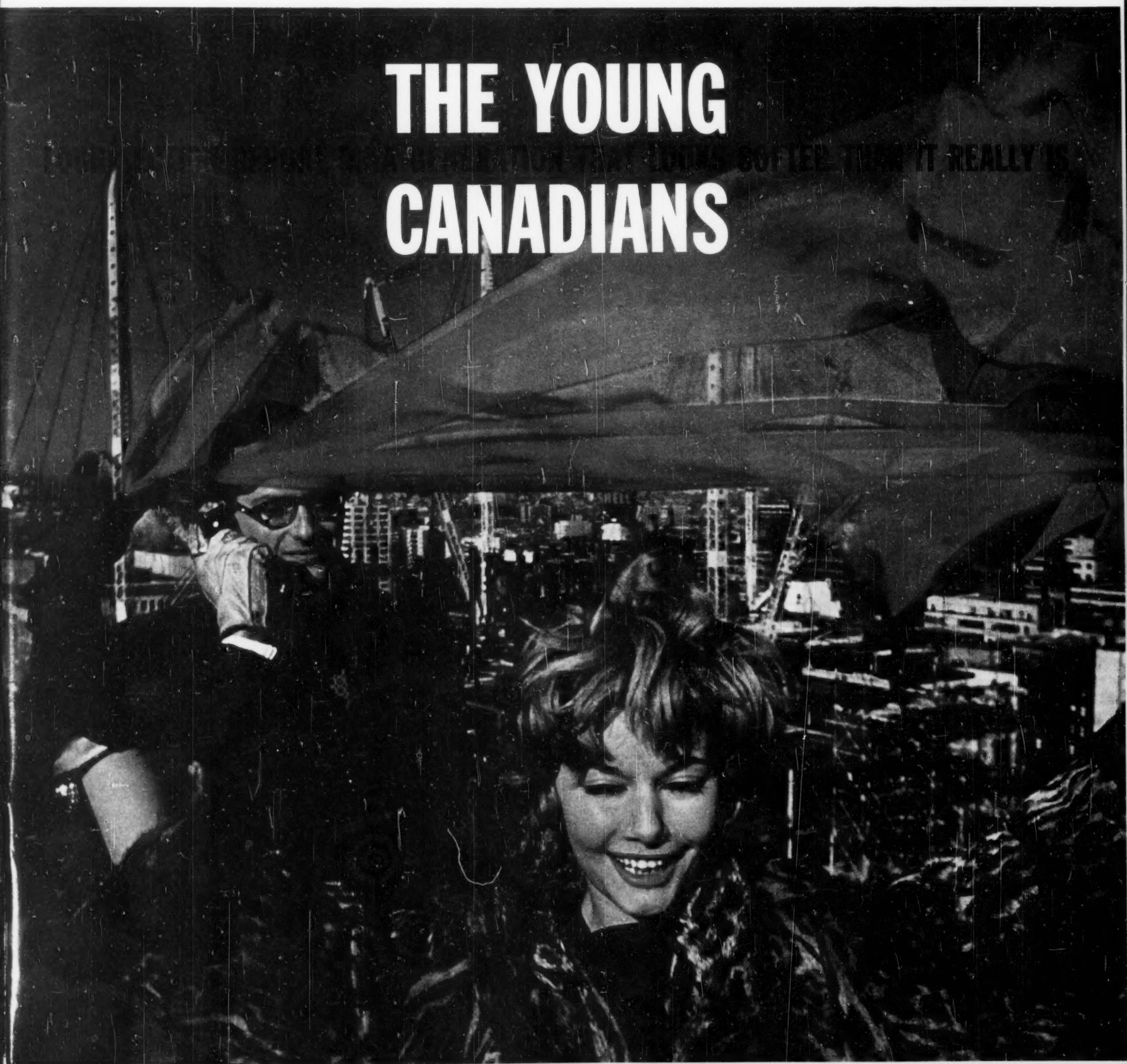
CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S 15c

How a Canadian miner got away with a stolen fortune in gold bricks
Doctors teach children to read by letting them bounce on trampolines

March 25 1961

THE YOUNG CANADIANS



DODGE



Dodge Dart's *slant 6* out-skedaddles straight-laced sixes...*but good!*

Remember how sixes used to perform? (and some still do!) Hardly what you'd call dashing. But Dodge Dart has a new six—an *inclined* six that has the sort of skedaddle that's raising eyebrows all over the place. Truth is, it gives 20% more power than the old fashioned kind of 6. And there's another plus your thrifty streak will go for. Every tankful of gas (the regular variety) will deliver more miles than ordinary sixes—and that's *not* because the tank's bigger. Dodge Dart's slant 6 works better, smoother and more economically than other sixes.

Your Dodge-Valiant dealer will tell you how. See him today.

WARRANTED 12,000 MILES OR ONE FULL YEAR
(whichever occurs first)

DODGE DART!!

Great looks! Great go! Great price! Go get it!

A Quality Product of Chrysler Corporation Engineering

MACLEAN'S

Tomorrow's news today from two illustrious seers

Coming (it says here): major war; rain at Weyburn

Red China won't get a seat in the UN—but won't fight Russia, either. There will be other major wars, however. If Canadian business continues to slump until next June 18, it will prosper from then on for 18 years; otherwise, we're in for an 18-year recession.

In southern Saskatchewan (or at least around Weyburn) the weather will be dry for the first 10 days of June, a little rainy in the third week and unsettled for the rest of the month.

These predictions come from (1) Alfred J. Parker of Vancouver, perhaps Canada's most prosperous seer; and (2) Edward Cugnet of Weyburn, a newly appointed *amateur* weather forecaster.

Cugnet is a farmer whose 76-year-old father has just passed down an old gypsy formula for weather forecasting—a half-secret system that brought the elder Cugnet renown (but no money) for 30 years.

Parker, 64, is the affluent mastermind of the Kabalarian Philosophy Foundation, with branches in Edmonton, Calgary, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego. His 16-room house in Vancouver is equipped with period furniture, a beautiful secretary, a grand piano, a billiard room, a housekeeper, a printing press, a bookkeeper, and several young resident students, including a clutch of beautiful girls. Parker says that when people fail to observe Cyclic Law, they suffer sickness and mental and emotional confusion. He eliminates this confusion by analysing people's lives (governed by nine-year cycles), business and political trends (54-year cycles) and the fates of empires (729-year cycles). A Maclean's reporter who visited him didn't get the entire Kabalarian course (\$70) or even a written Individual Cycle (\$10) but he did learn that:

- ✓ Tuberculosis will disappear when people cut out excessive sex activity (a point to which Parker thinks Indians and Hawaiians should pay more attention).
- ✓ Cancer will vanish when people quit eating meat. (Parker is a non-drinking, non-smoking, non-swearing vegetarian who encourages all these virtues in his shapely young students.)
- ✓ Schizophrenics (people with dual personalities) will become normal when they use Parker's secret method of getting rid of that extra personality.
- ✓ Air disasters will be dramatically reduced when authorities adopt Parker's system of forecasting good and bad flying periods according to pilots' birthdates.

Edward Cugnet made his first annual weather forecast by doing what his father, Edmond, has done for 30 years: by making spot checks during a 12-day, 24-hour weather vigil beginning December 13. Weather conditions that day (plus a few unrevealed portents) indicated the weather for January; December 14 was the indicator for February; December 15 for March—and so on through '61.

The elder Cugnet learned the system in 1905 from a grateful band of hungry gypsies to whom he had given a fat calf. But he didn't pay it much heed until 1931, when the formula indicated

a summer drought. A neighbor took the warning, sold his seed and followed his farm. Cugnet planted grain—and watched it wither.

From then on, he and other farmers for miles around have planned their crops by his forecasts. Since the late '40s, his annual predictions ("just guesses on my part") have appeared in



the Weyburn Review and the Regina Leader-Post, but he has always refused to take money for any forecast. He has been right so often that many people refuse to believe he is "just guessing." (He accurately forecast the end of the drought in the '30s.) But he has also been notably wrong. (He called for dry harvests in '42 and '59; both were wash-outs.)

Now Edward, out to perpetuate the Cugnet reputation, has so far been mostly right about '61. (Other highlights of his current forecasts: a dry harvest season, little snow in November or December.) Like his father, he issues his forecast free to anyone who wants it.

Meanwhile Alfred J. Parker exhibits a different sort of modesty about money: "My bookkeeper knows how much I make. I don't bother with those petty details." Anyhow he's more concerned right now about the call he's expecting any day from the U.S. Civil Aeronautics Board. He's sure the board will want a Kabalarian Cyclic Law chart of pilots' birthdates, to explain several recent airline disasters.

—FRANK WALDEN and JIM STRUTHERS

GLAMORIZED LUNCHBOXES—patterned after high-fashion shoeboxes—may become the next status symbol for office girls. Mrs. Erica Thomson, purchasing manager for Office Overload, a Toronto employment agency, said the company noticed many girls bringing lunches in discarded shoeboxes. So she ordered 5,000, printed with OO's insignia, to give to employees. Each box has a lid on one end and string handles for easy carrying.

Grey market in slugs: \$100,000 headache for Bell

The poor man's counterfeit currency, the metal slug, has always been at least a minor nuisance to owners of coin machines. But now, for the first time, there are indications that slugs are being manufactured specifically to swindle Bell Telephone in Quebec and Ontario.

The phone company's losses in coin-telephone tolls paid with slugs amount to about \$100,000 a year in the two

provinces. Losses have been higher in the past—but only in times when pay phones would accept the washer-type slugs that hardware stores sell for other purposes. Now pay phones have anti-fraud devices to detect the holes in washers—but losses are almost as heavy as ever, because of a new flood of solid slugs apparently made especially for coin machines.

Bell suspects most of the slugs are being used by drivers for trucking firms and other fleets that do their dispatching by phone. The drivers are given the slugs by their dispatchers, who buy them from the "counterfeiters." A roll of 50 dime-size slugs—equivalent to \$5 in real dimes—sells for about \$2; a roll of 40 slugs the size of quarters—equivalent to \$10 worth of real quarters—costs about \$4.

Owners of other coin-operated machines in Toronto and Montreal say they have suffered no recent flood of slugs. But there are special reasons why Bell is perhaps the only big loser:

✓ Many pay phones have mechanisms less sensitive than those in jukeboxes, cigarette machines and most other mechanical vendors.

✓ A phone booth is an almost ideal place to use a slug unnoticed (whereas most vending machines are exposed to public gaze).

✓ Telephone service, unlike say jukebox music, is something a company (or its employees) can profitably steal and use in volume.

Bell finds it a hard racket to stop because there is no law against making, possessing or selling slugs—only against using them in place of coins. Thus it would be futile to trace the manufacturers, who couldn't be prosecuted anyhow. Instead the company is:

1. Watching several drivers it suspects of using slugs regularly. (Bell isn't anxious to prosecute them; it just wants to be able to scare them into turning honest.)

2. Hoping to be ready within a year with a more sensitive coin mechanism. (The most modern ones now have only two anti-fraud devices: the finger-like part that detects the holes in washer-type slugs; and a magnet in the coin chute, to reject slugs made of iron or steel.)—CLYDE BATTEN

Sign language vs. lip-reading: an old war renewed

Should schools for the deaf go back to teaching the old sign-language system? One man who thinks they should is the Rev. Robert Rumball, 31, a United Church minister at the Evangelical Church for the Deaf, in Toronto. Rumball, a husky man of normal hearing who once played football for the Toronto Argonauts and the Ottawa Rough Riders, thinks it's wrong that the 3,000 deaf children in provincial schools across Canada are being taught the newer and much more difficult system known as oralism. He is teaching sign language to the members of his congregation and their families and is urging other lay teachers to take it up.

Oralism is hard to learn because it requires the deaf to make sounds they can't hear and to "hear" others speak by reading their lips and facial move-

ments. Sign language is simpler because it has no spelling or grammar; its finger and hand movements are "pictures" of things, activities and ideas (e.g., slapping one hand on the leg means "dog"). Given a choice, most deaf people will use signs—among themselves; but the schools won't permit it because a deaf person who knows no other system can't communicate with anyone who doesn't know the signs.

Rumball says that doesn't matter. "The deaf are handicapped and always will be. Their main need is for a language they can use among themselves, because the hearing world usually ignores them." What's more, he says, lip-reading is an art that not everyone can master, and youngsters who fail at it in school must use some kind of signs—or nothing. One such case is a member of Rumball's congregation who graduated from Toronto's Sunnyview school for the deaf and crippled. When a Maclean's reporter asked him to "Please say something for us," the boy could make out only the words "please" and "something" (a sign-language interpreter discovered) and couldn't pronounce his own name and address clearly enough to be understood. On the other hand, a Sunnyview girl showed she could carry on a simple conversation on a wide



RUMBALL SIGNING "RUMBALL"

range of subjects with a stranger unaccustomed to conversing with the deaf—a feat no sign-language pupil could ever hope to match. (Oralists point out that those who use sign language also have no hope of benefiting from improved hearing aids, however revolutionary they may become in future; words would have no meaning to them, even if they could be made to hear perfectly.)

Since Ontario's teaching policies are based on a 1950 royal commission report that condemned sign language and favored oralism, Rumball knows he has little or no chance himself of swinging the schools over to sign language. So he is using other ways to promote his cause. Last month he stood on the stage of a Toronto movie house, wearing luminous gloves and "signing" the dialogue of Ben-Hur for 300 deaf. The stunt won him newspaper space but drew a sour comment from at least one oralist: "We know he was on the stage—but we don't know whether he was really needed."

Such comments don't distract Rumball from his all-but-lost cause. "If we continue to teach signs to parents (of deaf children), some day they may convince the government that signs should be taught in the schools."

—SHEILA KIERAN

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: The UN would do better if the West weren't always "right"

IT MIGHT BE A GOOD THING for the future of the United Nations if, at the session reopening this month, the Western alliance were to lose a few important votes.

So far, in the fifteen years of the UN's existence, we have never had this chastening experience. Individual nations have suffered it often enough, with varying degrees of resentment and bad grace, but the Western bloc as a whole (when it voted as a whole) has always been victorious. This has given to the citizens of the Western alliance, and perhaps to their governments too, an exaggerated notion of their own wisdom and rectitude, and of the world's appreciation thereof.

At a press luncheon in the UN dining room last October, Premier Khrushchev was asked whether the Soviet Union would accept a UN directive if it were backed by a two-thirds majority. His answer was instantaneous: "Not if the vote were ninety-nine to one. We would never accept it. The United Nations is not a parliament, it's just a means whereby nations can meet and reach agreement."

Khrushchev went on to develop his point. Of the three billion human beings now alive, about one billion live under Communist (or, as he called them, Socialist) governments. Rather more than another billion belong to the "uncommitted" countries such as India, most of Africa, the Arab coun-

tries and so on. Considerably less than a billion, roughly a quarter of the human race, are in the nations that normally vote as a Western bloc (even counting the Latin Americans, an increasingly doubtful quantity). But never once, in fifteen years, has this twenty-five percent of humanity failed to register as a majority in the United Nations.

To us as members of this wholly artificial "majority," the unbroken record of victory can easily mean that our side is always right. To non-members, it can only mean that the UN's dice are loaded in favor of the Western bloc. Nobody — least of all we ourselves — would accept the adverse judgments of such a body as having the force of law.

Up to now, these adverse judgments have affected ourselves so seldom and our enemies so often that we tend to forget how they look from the outside. We therefore tend to overlook the limitations they impose upon action by the United Nations, limitations that were clearly recognized when the UN was founded (that's why the Great Powers got the privilege of veto, originally suggested not by the Soviet Union but by the United States). If a few adverse votes remind us that the limitations are still there, we might be less inclined to expect the UN to do more than it can do, and better able to break out of the rhythm of illusion and disillusion that now threatens the UN's very existence.

MAILBAG: How we could clean up civic eyesores / Failure and success in the churches

Thank heaven this tragedy (Let's make ugly streets illegal, by R. John Pratt, For the Sake of Argument, Feb. 25) is being publicized. The worst offenders are the advertising men who clutter the streets with signs, grotesque in color and with no symmetry or artistry. In the daytime I can suffer these signs, but at night when they are all flashing, I writhe. Soft drink manufacturers think the whole country is their canvas. They don't care how much ugliness they create as long as they sell their products. —ALICE GAMAN, OTTAWA.

✓ Hurrah for Mr. Pratt! I was glad to see someone concerned with the ugly signs and untidy streets and wastelots



which do their best to make us feel that life is drab and disheartening. There are at least two wastelots in my residential district that are so littered with trash and overgrown with weeds that they are eyesores.

I hope we women will concern ourselves with this situation and take a good housewifely look around. I think we should demand a law prohibiting auto dumps right beside the highways and in towns and villages, which spoil the appearance of the countryside. There should be a regulation which requires a trellis or screen of some simple but attractive design, or perhaps a quick-growing hedge, to keep the dump

hidden from view. —VIOLET B. ARMSTRONG, MONTREAL.

Are churches healthier than they look?

Some of Ralph Allen's conclusions (The hidden failure of our churches, Feb. 25) are ridiculous, vapid and naive. His "objective" approach leaves much to be desired, and his human bias shows like a red patch on the seat of a blue serge suit. Let us remember we are not reporting or dealing with a human institution. We do not and cannot evaluate this institution by purely human means, nor are we to suppose, unless we assume there is a more valid measurement than the New Testament, that it is what it is because of what it "appears" to be. —THE REV. WENDELL B. ANDERSON, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

✓ The article is based on the questionable assumption that unless the Church is having a measurable Christian influence on the world and, more particularly, on the lives of the majority of its own members, it is failing. If this is a test of the success of the Church, then the Church has never succeeded and probably never will. The success of the Church does not depend upon majority response but on a minority. If only a handful of people are responding to the Call of God, if only a fractional percentage of those within the broad fellowship of the Church are fully following the way of Christ, then the Church is succeeding and fulfilling its rightful purpose. —RAY GOODALL, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

✓ Perhaps we, in this Anglican parish of Sidney on Vancouver Island, are not alone in feeling that this report falls short of actuality. There must be other parishes as warmly attached to their church as we are. I cannot think we are a "special breed apart" although living so close to the beauties of God's creation may make us more aware and re-

sponsive to the part the Church should play in our daily lives. —ANNE AIERS, SIDNEY, B.C.

✓ Shades of Pharaoh! What a complicated business the churches have made of the simple but tremendous gospel of love preached and lived by Jesus Himself. —MRS. F. PARROTT, BROWNSVILLE, ALTA.

✓ One plaintive verse of scripture (Luke 18-8), seems to cry from every paragraph. "When the Son of Man cometh shall he find faith in the earth." Looks like "works" should lie down and rest a spell and give "faith" a chance to catch up. —MRS. BERTHA CHOYCE TISDALE, HARTLAND, N.B.

✓ There is life in our churches yet. They have shown one of the greatest Christian attributes, humility, in publicly confessing their sins in Maclean's. The fact that they have all done it is perhaps one of the first real signs of interdenominational unity. —MRS. R. SCOTT, NORTH VANCOUVER.

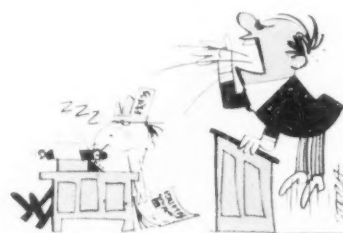
Peace yes, but on what terms?

In your editorial of January 28, you stated that Adlai Stevenson will perhaps be gentler with the enemy than Henry Cabot Lodge. You also stated that, as a result, the cause of peace will not suffer. It appears to me that you favor peaceful coexistence with the Soviets without realizing that peaceful coexistence is impossible. V. I. Lenin in a "Report of the Central Committee at the 8th Party Congress" in 1919 said: "The existence of the Soviet Republic side by side with the imperialist states for a long time is unthinkable. One or the other must triumph in the end. And before that end supervenes, a series of frightful collisions between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states will be inevitable." In the Soviet mind, peace is a world of

total communism. —DAN ADAMS, RENTON, WASHINGTON.

The senators were listening, but...

May I reply to Peter Newman's statement "...but few senators are listening" (Twenty-four hours on Parliament Hill, Feb. 11) and point out that on December 13 (the day of Newman's story), seventy-one senators were in



attendance out of a total membership of 102. I have been a member of the Senate since January 3, 1957, and I have observed that when Senator Croll speaks he is listened to very attentively. It is significant that no mention was made of the many times that a bare quorum existed in the Commons chamber, or of the times when no cabinet ministers were in their seats, or of the fact that an important piece of legislation was recently given third reading and passed when there were less than 40 members present out of 265. —SENATOR AUSTIN C. TAYLOR, OTTAWA.

A last round for Porter

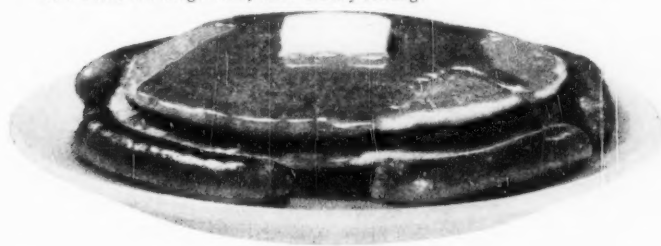
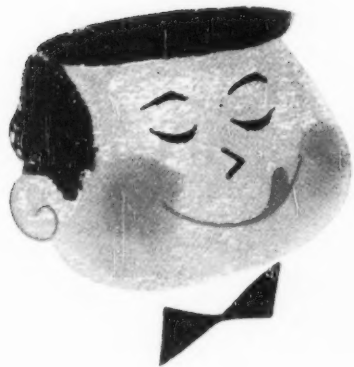
The violent reaction of some of your readers to McKenzie Porter's sensible plea for control of firearms would indicate he did not go far enough. It would seem wiser to take guns right out of the hands of all citizens, young and old. —A. F. DAVIES, VICTORIA.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6

Scrumptious "Brunches" for a Month of Sundays!

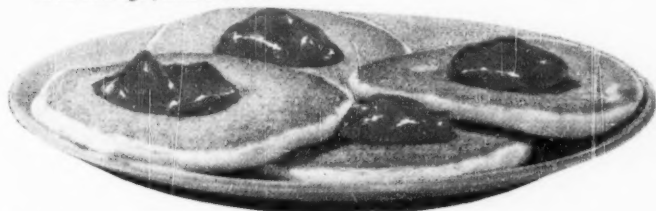
1. "I sure go for Aunt Jemima's Buckwheat Pancakes!"

A man can get mighty hungry by Sunday "brunch-time" . . . and nothing is as hearty and satisfying as a stack of golden-brown Aunt Jemima Buckwheats! And if he's an extra good husband (or an extra hungry one) find room on the plate for some bacon or sausage. Man, that's Sunday feasting!



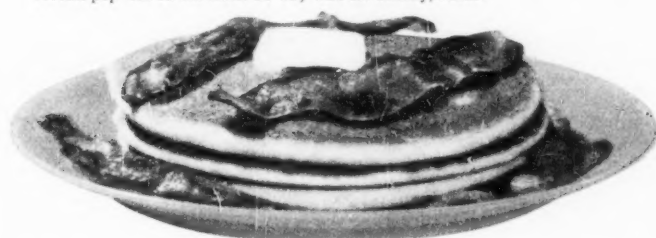
2. "Wonderful Aunt Jemima's Buttermilk Pancakes!"

Call it breakfast . . . call it lunch . . . call it "brunch" . . . there's no Sunday treat like delicious Aunt Jemimas! For the second Sunday in the month, try Aunt Jemima's Buttermilk Pancakes—with the buttermilk right in the mix to make them extra light, extra delicious!



3. "How about some Regular Aunt Jemimas, Mom?"

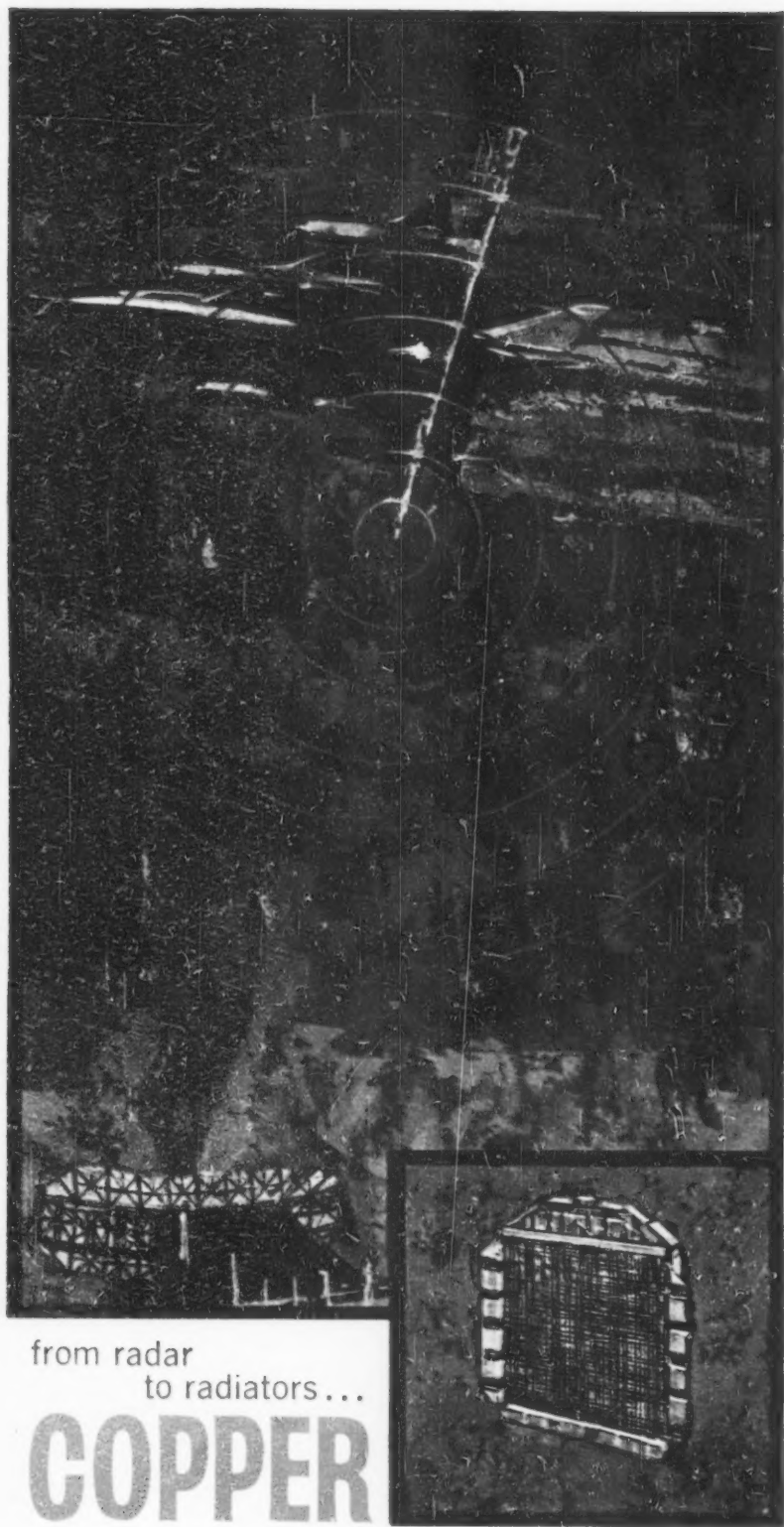
How long has it been since you tempted your family with Aunt Jemima's original recipe . . . the regular-style pancakes that have been Canada's favorites for years and years? It's easy as 1-2-3 to shake or mix 'em up . . . pop 'em on the griddle . . . and pop 'em on the table. So why wait till Sunday, Mom?



4. "New! Aunt Jemima's Country Style Wheat cakes!"

Good thing there are at least 4 Sundays in every month! Because now you can thrill your family with Aunt Jemima's newest recipe . . . real country style wheat cakes. It's the wheat flour that gives 'em such a different pancake flavor. It's Aunt Jemima's secret that makes 'em so perfect!"





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ANACONDA

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

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CONTENTS

THE YOUNG CANADIANS: A FOUR-SECTION REPORT

I The stiffening spine of a soft generation **PETER GZOWSKI 15**
Among the successful and complacent Canadians under (or just over) thirty, there are a few uneasy critics who want more than security. A writer their own age says their restlessness is spreading fast

II Some unusual—and one or two very ordinary—faces coming out of the crowd **PETER GZOWSKI 16**
Here, in words and pictures, is a close personal look at fourteen of The Young Canadians—a few who conform, a few who laugh at conformity, and one or two who don't fit any group at all

III What six young politicians think and do about politics **20**
They play their politics safe, two Maclean's editors find in a day-long panel discussion with rising young members of three parties

IV Ring around October **A short story by ADRIENNE POY 22**

TONY GREGSON'S GETAWAY—WITH TWO GOLD BRICKS **Ralph Hedlin 24**
All thieves—and not a few honest men—dream of getting rich overnight and escaping to enjoy it. This is how a New Canadian miner did just that

THE SEA DIARY OF A GAY DOG **Colin Acton 25**
As entertainment officer of the Queen Elizabeth, it was this writer's job to keep everybody happy in a floating city with fourteen bars, six ballrooms, and a population that never acted like this back home

BOUNCING ON A TRAMPOLINE CAN TEACH A CHILD TO READ **Anne MacDermot 26**
Some bright children can't read because they can't make their muscles work together, says a Montreal psychologist who is now showing them how

THE MOST POWERFUL VILLAGE IN THE WORLD **Ian Sclanders 28**
This is Georgetown, a suburb of Washington that is the social—and backstage political—centre of the capital

DEPARTMENTS

FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT **William B. Cunningham 10**
Our colleges have too few students, not too many

SWEET AND SOUR 30 **JASPER 32** **COVER ARTIST 57**

PREVIEW 1 **BACKGROUND 67** **U.S. REPORT 69**
COMMENT 2 **BACKSTAGE 68** **ENTERTAINMENT 70**

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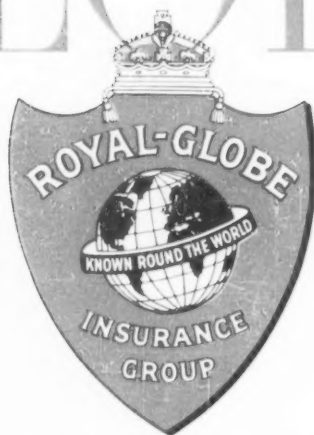


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MAILBAG continued from page 2

Will Cuba keep U. S. tourists away from Canada? Karsh's "toucher-upper" was also a photographer

H. Van Zee writes (Mailbag, Feb. 11) that unless Canada is willing to "go along" with the U. S. in regard to Cuba, some Americans may not take vacations in Canada this summer. Zounds and Egad! Is Van Zee trying to tell us that a few would-be U. S. holiday-seekers hope to shape Canada's foreign policies to suit themselves? — JOHN L. DOYLE, TAYLOR, B.C.

✍ To H. Van Zee I say that the U. S. has purchased between one and two billion dollars' worth of Cuban exports since Castro came to power. As long as our own government pursues a policy of treason against its own people, why should we call on Canadians to be active against Cuban communism? — LLOYD NELSON, CHICAGO.

✍ I see you printed my letter. I would like to rescind those statements. Our opinions have changed. The Chicago Tribune and other newspapers have given us a true picture. We are now talking of summer vacations in Canada. — HOWARD VAN ZEE, EVERGREEN PARK, ILL.

The man who was almost Karsh

In his article, My Karsh portrait is almost the real thing (Feb. 25), Mr. Levine calls "the toucher-upper" Lou. The man's name was Willi Pollak and we were together in the Kitchener camp for refugees from Nazi persecution near Sandwich, Kent. He came to England in 1939 from Vienna, where he had two well-known studios. On July 15, 1940, we arrived in Canada and Mr. Pollak was able to bring his camera with him. After his release from a camp here, he went to Toronto and then in 1942 to Ottawa where Mr. Karsh became interested in his work and hired him as technical assistant — mainly for retouching. Later on Mr. Karsh permitted him to take his own photographs and certainly Mr. Pollak's photographs were "almost the real thing," although much lower in cost. — BERT WORMANN, SASKATOON.

Sealing was hard on the seals, too

One cannot help but be moved by the story of the terrible suffering of the crew of the sealing ship Newfoundland (The Spring of the Newfoundland, Jan. 28). But what about the suffering inflicted on the seals from the early 1800s to this day? What of the hundreds of thousands of 2- or 3-week-old baby seals that are clubbed and skinned (usually unconscious but not always) for their white fur coats; what of the pregnant and nursing females shot; what of the tens of thousands of adult seals wounded by long-range rifle fire every spring, not recovered by the ships, and left to die on the pack-ice — or under it? — DAVID MALLOCH, TORONTO.

A Scot throws some stones

As editor of The Scottish Curler, I take the strongest possible exception to statements by Robert Metcalfe in his article, Canada's World Champions of Curling (Jan. 7). Metcalfe writes: "While its popularity rises in Canada, curling is almost extinct in its native Scotland. The Richardsons found that only rich or leisurely Scots curl today, and the country has fewer than 300 teams — about the total of three good-sized clubs in Canada."

This prompted me to write an editorial

headed The Biggest Blunder in Curling History. One of my paragraphs reads, "The man who wrote this rubbish should come to Scotland and repeat his remark to the huge congregation of club members, very few of whom are rich and leisurely, and who, because of the curling boom, cannot get enough ice to play their favorite game in the big rinks. So far as the '300 teams' is concerned, there are 450 teams entered for this season's Grand Match alone (between the North and South of Scotland on outdoor ice) and there are nearly 500 clubs in Scotland." I trust I have given you sufficient proof that curling, which, with golf, Scotsmen



gave to the world, is far from becoming extinct in its native land and that it is, indeed, booming here as never before. — ROBIN W. WELSH, EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

Why some things last longer than others

The article entitled Why the things you buy don't last (Dec. 17) has persuaded us, as a native Canadian manufacturer of electric and gas ranges, stoves and furnaces, to outline our company policy.

The appliance business is fiercely competitive, to say the least. Rival manufacturers are striving to produce appliances which perform and look better than older models, and cost less. At the present time, Dominion Bureau of Statistics figures show that practically all major appliances are available to consumers at prices below the 1949 level. This is good evidence that competition is working effectively in the consumer's interest.

It may be that some manufacturers do not make available replacement parts for a long enough period after a model is discontinued. Our own policy is to supply, for twenty years after a model is discontinued, parts essential to the function of the appliance. Non-essential parts, which affect appearance only, are made available for ten years after the model is discontinued. In actual practice, we supply parts for many models which have been in use for thirty years and more and which have been discontinued for twenty-five years. Our policy on supplying repairs is sometimes nullified by the failure of a supplier of ours to continue to supply certain parts which we purchase but do not make ourselves. In such cases, we try to develop a substitute. To sum up, our viewpoint is that the consumer is boss. We must offer what he or she wants. — GEORGE E. FINDLAY, VICE-PRESIDENT, MARKETING, FINDLAYS LTD., CARRLETON PLACE, ONT. ★

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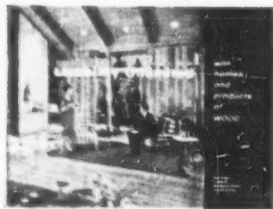
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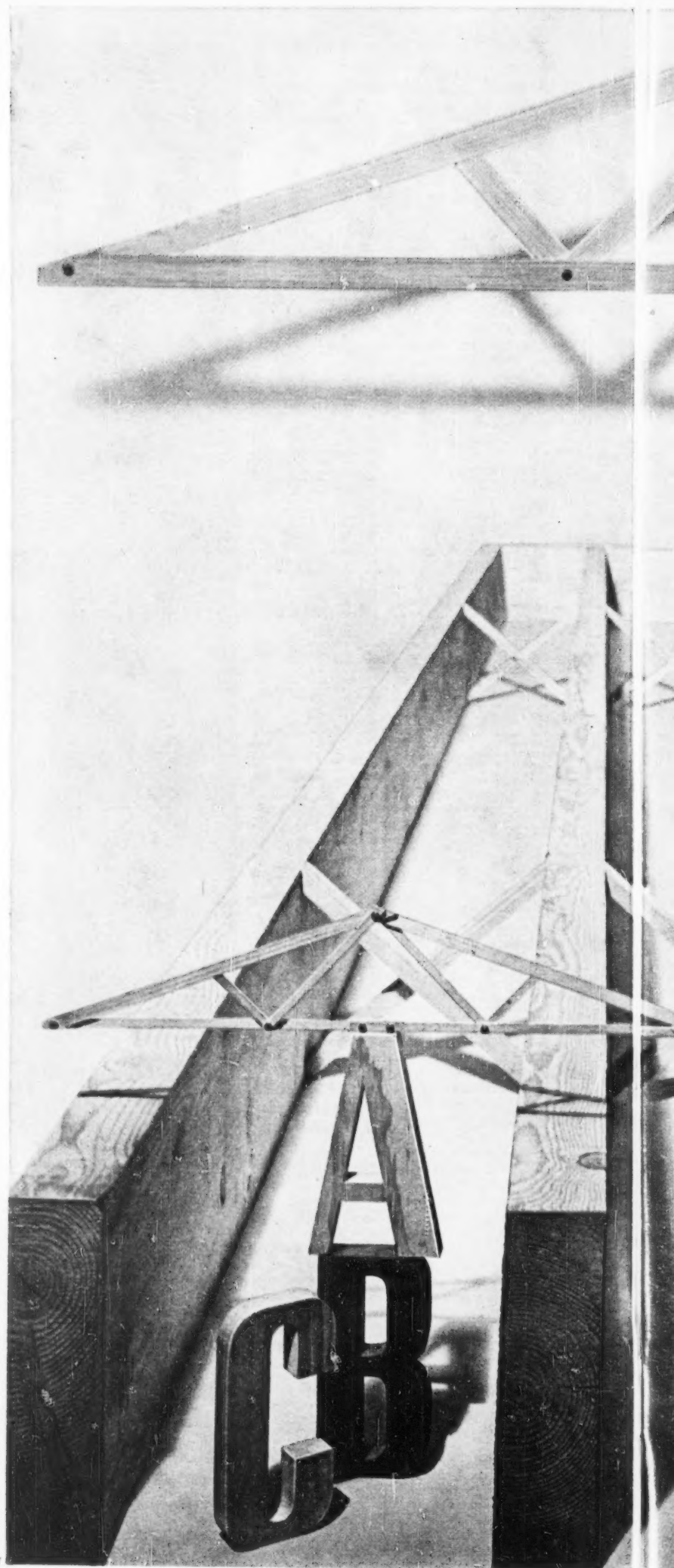
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Herbert Matter





MARCH 25, 1961



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Smoke and soot eliminated
No chimney draft needed

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The new firing method (called VoluMetric Combustion) consumes the oil *completely*, without odor, smoke or soot. When you finish dirty firing you not only save oil (smoke and soot are unburned fuel), you also eliminate about 90% of your service costs (caused by carboned oil nozzles, dirty

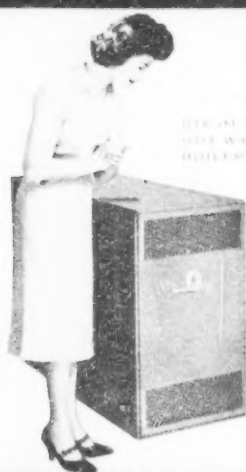
electrodes and soot-fouled heating surfaces).

The CUSTOM Mark II creates its own draft—it does not depend on uncertain chimney draft. There is *no* flame pulsation.

Users report fuel savings up to one gallon out of three; some even more. The records of a fuel company in Indianapolis (in one of the coldest winters on record) showed that ten oil customers, who had installed CUSTOM Mark II furnaces, cut oil bills from 18 to 44 percent. Average savings were 33.6%,

CUSTOM Mark II oil firing

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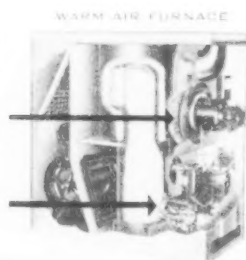


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CUSTOM Mark II firing is available for all forms of warm air, steam or hot water heating, in a wide range of sizes. Since it needs no chimney draft, the horizontal furnace has many unusual applications for homes or commercial buildings. In VoluMetric Combustion, oil and air are metered with precision, as in a carburetor. By the Combustion Flow Fan (top arrow) and the unique fuel and air injector (bottom arrow).



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Dr. Cunningham teaches economics at Mount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.



FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

WILLIAM B. CUNNINGHAM CONTENTS

Our colleges have too few students, not too many

CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES, viewing with alarm the ever-increasing horde of students knocking for admission, have been beating the drums for more and more money to finance their work. But the truth is that no Canadian university is being swamped by students—if by "university student" we mean something more than someone who is registered at a university.

Let us give the term "university student" the reasonable definition of "a person who has both the inclination and ability to benefit from university studies." With this definition my conservative estimate is that twenty to thirty percent of the number now attending Canadian universities cannot qualify as students. The search for more money to provide for more "students" is not the only or even the best answer to apparent university shortages. A rigorous exclusion of academic clods is another answer.

This opinion is based on my own experience as a student and teacher at three universities during the past seventeen years, plus some knowledge of the experience and opinions of teachers at many other universities, and of the disappointments of employers of university graduates. I can't prove my assertions in any scientific sense. But I can give many examples of the way students answer questions; these will indicate that my opinions are firmly founded in fact. The examples come from written assignments, tests and exams.

Here's a sample of how a first-year economics student expresses himself:

"When demand for an article goes the supply will be lowered if not for a raise in price."

"In time of depression the spending of dollar raises national income by more than a dollar because the people being in a state of not being able to save will spend the dollar. Thus the dollar has a propensity to circulate thus increasing more individual's income by an extra amount even though they have spent it was part of their income."

First-year failure rates at university are high and a matter of much regret. Writings of this type make them justified if no less regrettable. But bad writing is not a monopoly of freshmen. What follows is from the final exam of a second-year student:

"The fundamental fact that requires a society to economize and give it rise to the study of economics is that—if a society saves then consumption will decrease and so will national income and the investment, and by this saving the price system can be effected, as people are saving less goods are bought therefore prices tend to rise and less goods can be obtained for the money value previously, by this employment can be affected, for example if

consumption decreased income will be less and people will have to be left without work, vice-versa is true, another fact why...."

The writer of that monstrosity (which continued for another seventy words) was hoping to become an engineer. He didn't succeed, but for two years he occupied valuable space and valuable time. So did the writer of the following:

"If both of the curves were highly inelastic the change would be greater than change in curve if either curve were move on the other hand if the curve were elastic (elastic) the change would be less than the change in the curve."

No knowledge of technical economics is needed to condemn that effort. Grading such trash would be unbearable were it not for the occasional rewards of the following type:

"It would be unprofitable for an insurance agent to insure a person suffering from a malignant disease in this connection it would be a dead loss."

"Many people go into debt because of a lack of money and cannot get out of debt for the same reason."

Despite failure rates of over fifty percent in required English courses, some "students" managed to reach the third year, although they are unable or unwilling to write sentences equal to those of a good student in an elementary school. From third-year writings:

"However, if firm has its supply curve drop that is produce than it will probably cost it more per unit to produce."

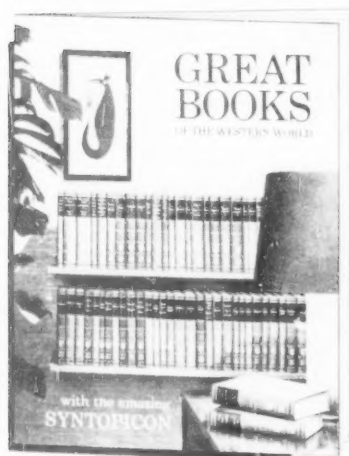
"What does it mean if the reserve goes up to 25% it must mean that there is inflation and the gov't wants to curb it so they demand that the bank keep more in reserve so there will be less money in circulation and a smaller amount of deposits the opposite of more deposits, less reserves and more investment to cure deflation is true if the reserve is cut to 10%."

Attacks on our school systems are common. Indeed, the criticisms have been so strong that the public, I suspect, discounts them with a shrug and the comment that things can't be all that bad. But something is very wrong when a student in his senior year (and now possessing a BSc degree in chemistry) writes in an exam: "If prices are not so much and quantity is greater produced than we can run at a profit." Another senior in, of all things, history, says on the same exam: "By elasticity we mean that the amount that the quantity bought will increase is the price is lowered." That boy now has the letters BA after his name.

The read—CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



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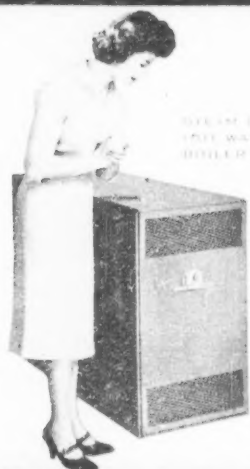
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 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

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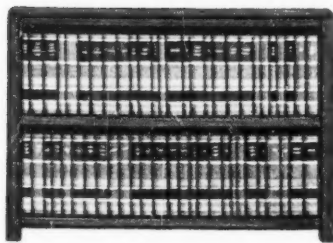




Photo of seeds, leaves, and seedlings by Harold V. Green, Photography-Microscopy Group of the Pulp and Paper Research Institute of Canada.

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A FOUR-SECTION REPORT

A GALLERY: 14 young, successful, but not necessarily complacent people PAGE 16

A PANEL: What six young politicians think and do about politics PAGE 20

A SHORT STORY: Ring Around October, by Adrienne Poy PAGE 22

AND BEGINNING HERE:

A look at "the middle-aged young" by a reporter their own age, who finds a new restlessness among a small but growing group who are bored by easy success

THE STIFFENING SPINE OF A SOFT GENERATION

BY PETER GZOWSKI

THE CHARGE MOST frequently levelled at the members of my generation is that we are not really young at all, but middle-aged — soft, fat, complacent, prosperous, materialistic and suburban.

For two months I have been questioning and arguing, trying to find out what is common to all my contemporaries and what, if anything, makes us different from generations that have already made their marks. I have found that charge to be generally true.

But *only* generally. And, perhaps, only temporarily. I have also found a dissatisfied or unsatisfied minority, a minority to whom those adjectives might once have applied but to whom they no longer do. And because the members of this minority are, by and large, the young people who are coming to the forefront — who will, if the signs are valid, be the leaders of the nation a decade or two from now — it seems vastly more important to report on them than on the still-complacent majority.

The emergence of this minority, of course, and the fact that it seems to be increasing in both numbers and influence, goes hard against tradition's grain. Traditionally, it is the very young who are dissatisfied and idealistic. As they mature they grow more complacent. Whatever idealism they possessed in their youth has been ground out of them in the struggle for material comfort. If by the time they have won the struggle they have

wondered if material comfort is enough, it has been too late to do anything about it.

But we have grown up in a world of comfort. We were born in the Depression, but we were too young to remember its hardships. We remember the war, or that there was a war, but we did not have to fight in it. We have not, in fact, had to fight for anything — or against anything, except the constant admonition from our elders that life was tougher than it looked. Our education and training were almost for the asking. Those of us who went to university—a higher proportion than had ever gone before—graduated at a time when the nation's demand for university graduates was at its highest. We have married earlier, had more children, made and spent more money, and had more leisure time than any other young adults in history.

Now comfort, achieved early and enjoyed early, is beginning to bore us.

I sat not long ago swapping drinks with a man in his middle twenties who works in an advertising agency. I asked him about his ambitions. "I don't really think I have any," he said. "Why should I? I have everything I really need. I drive a new Ford. If I work hard I can soon drive a Lincoln. But why bother? I make all the money I can really use, and all I have to do from now on is continue to make enough that I can assure my wife and children the same comfort they enjoy now. I need a deeper goal and I am continually surprised at how many people I went to college with—people who were not interested then in any-

thing more than the next fraternity dance — are feeling the same way."

How widespread is the discontent? I cannot say. Even among the rising leaders there are as many exceptions as examples, as much comfort as unrest. The untypical young people introduced on the next four pages are typical in that respect. There was little if any dissatisfaction evident in the young politicians with whom Peter C. Newman and I talked in Ottawa, and whose ideas are presented on pages 20 and 21. Indeed, the young men who have achieved some recognition in the political parties are mostly splendid examples of the middle-aged majority. But the new discontent is evident in a lot of very capable people who have not till now been interested in politics, and more and more of the dissatisfied minority are becoming interested.

But politics, while the most dramatic, is only one area where the new dissatisfaction is cropping up. Here is what the U.S. historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. wrote in an essay called *The New Mood in Politics*, published in *Esquire* magazine during last year's presidential campaign:

"It (the new feeling) is beginning to manifest itself in a multitude of ways: in freshening attitudes in politics; in a new acerbity in criticism . . . in a spreading contempt everywhere for the reigning clichés. There is evident a widening restlessness, dangerous tendencies toward satire and idealism, a mounting dissatisfaction with the official priorities, a deeper concern with our character and objectives. . . ." I found . . . CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



FATHER LOUIS LAURENDEAU

THE YOUNG CANADIANS

**Some unusual
(and one or two
very ordinary)
faces
coming out
of the crowd**

Jesuit on the move

Last spring, thirteen years after he had outscored Bernard Geoffrion in a college hockey season, Louis Laurendeau was ordained as a Jesuit priest. This spring, he is still a student, with roughly one more year to go before, at the age of 35, his training period will end. (He is also still a pretty formidable forward; one day this winter he scored five goals as the Jesuits of Immaculate Conception defeated a nearby seminary of Dominicans 9 to 3.) Father Laurendeau, son of a distinguished Montreal lawyer (who was an outstanding amateur hockey player in his day), is a personable man with a lively wit. He will be a specialist in education. Although neither he nor anyone else will know for a while yet where he will eventually serve, it is fairly likely that he will soon hold such a position as, say, dean of studies at a Jesuit college. After thirteen years of study, he holds at least the equivalent of a master's degree in each of education, French literature, philosophy and theology, not to mention a considerable post-graduate background in such subjects as Greek and experimental psychology. Such learning, of course, is traditional among Jesuits, and even Father Laurendeau's impressive stickhandling is not enough to set him out in an order that also turns up the occasional excellent guitar player. But there are one or two things about Laurendeau that typify the difference between a priest beginning to serve in 1960 and an earlier generation. One is that, in Laurendeau's words, "men coming into the priesthood now know more about the world. They've worked, for example, in the summers, and they've earned money. It changes your whole outlook. If you've had to work for your money you know that the man who's worked a full week for his money, and worked hard, just can't be asked time after time for money." The young priests, at least the young Jesuits, are also specializing more in their learning, so that the Jesuit whose knowledge cuts across *all* fields is giving way to the priest who will be, say, a specialist in education almost all the way through his rigorous training.



ELAINE BÉDARD

The wages of elegance

Elaine Bédard, 23, is the closest Canada has yet come to developing a Zsa Zsa Gabor of its own. Miss Bédard hates the comparison. "I am a model," she says coldly. "Gabor is not." She is so successful a model that she lives among deep rugs and high mirrors, goes out in a hardtop convertible and a \$20,000 sable — and hardly ever models. Her chief interest now is serving as owner and chief faculty member of an "institute of elegance," where women pay \$125 for ten lessons on how to look like Elaine Bédard. Elaine, who takes beauty seriously, denies *that* too, insisting that the real purpose of her course is to bring out the individual charms of her students. But it is fairly obvious it's the reason her school is Montreal's fastest growing and has already opened its first branch, in Ottawa. She has also been a hostess on a very popular French-language television show, is now writing a weekly column on elegance and television for Radio Monde and launching a career as a singer. Her first record was a duet with the vastly *inelegant* Boom Boom Geoffrion; Columbia is now working on a couple of Elaine alone. She speaks English with a carefully Gallic charm (which she insists is natural), and when the English-language TV producers run out of local talent she is almost certain to become as much of a celebrity in, say, Regina, as she now is in Trois-Rivières. Yet, although she works hard at her profession of elegance, she does not fit the traditional pattern of the burningly ambitious, self-starving feminine toast of the town. For one thing, she eats as she likes, which is very well. For another, success has come almost naturally to her ever since she entered a beauty contest at the age of 17 and went to Paris, where she made the cover of Paris Match. Before that she was a college student with vague ideas about becoming a lawyer. Now, she imports her lingerie from Paris, sometimes wears the blond wig that is on our cover over her own night-black hair, and relishes her success. "I like to be stared at," she says.



DAVID OWEN



GORDON WHITMORE



ADRIAN VILANDR 

What comes after money

When David Owen enrolled at Prince of Wales High School in Vancouver, he was asked what he wanted to be. "Class president," he said. He made it. Three years ago, at 27, he became vice-president of Webb & Knapp Canada Ltd., the resident boss of Montreal's hundred-million-dollar Place Ville Marie, in front of whose rising steel Owen appears on the cover of this issue. Asked *now* what he wants to be, Owen has no such ready answer. But he is certain, he says, that he would like a second, different career, perhaps in something like the administration of a university. His first and vastly successful career began almost by accident. He is a graduate of the law school of New York's Columbia University, where he went "because law at UBC wasn't enough of a challenge." In 1953 he returned to article with his father's firm in Vancouver. After fourteen months, Owen realized that his future was assured. His father, who later became president of the Canadian Bar Association, was a partner of the then minister of defense, Ralph Campney. Life was too easy. David went back to New York. Four firms offered him lucrative jobs. At a cocktail party he asked the financier William Zeckendorf, a neighbor of his wife's parents, for advice on which to take. "Take mine," said Zeckendorf and hired him. After a short apprenticeship, Owen began building the young, vigorous team of executives that now runs Webb & Knapp. Today, he spends his time barking crisp orders into a telephone or intercom, striding around the steadily rising skeleton of Place Ville Marie, dashing about the continent to discuss deals indexed with platoons of zeros — seeming, for all his confident, decisive manner, slightly out of place in the wolf-eat-wolf world of big-time real estate. He is a voracious reader — of everything from the inside pages of the New York Times ("The Times is food to me") to the poems of Robert Browning — a fan of symphonies and jazz concerts, and an enthusiastic and knowledgeable debater on an encyclopaedic range of subjects. The satisfaction he gets from his first career, he says, is "making the wheels go round, making things and people fit. I'm good with people — does that make me sound like an ogre? And I like the money. I don't know what I'll do when this job loses its excitement and challenge. Politics interests me very much, but I can't quite see myself as a backbencher."

The mechanics of cancer

Research appeals to some scientists for the same battle-of-wits reason as chess. To Gordon Whitmore, a medical biophysicist at the University of Toronto who at 29 is the acting head of physics for the Ontario Cancer Institute, it offers a deeper challenge. His laboratory, on the seventh floor of Toronto's Princess Margaret Hospital, is only one flight of steps away from the agony and despair of the victims of cancer. Whitmore is from Saskatoon. He took his BA and MA in physics at the University of Saskatchewan, became fascinated with the application of physics to medicine because of the work on the cobalt bomb done there under the direction of its inventor, Dr. Harold Johns, went to Yale to earn his PhD in biophysics (which, simply, is the application of physics to medicine) and came to Toronto in 1956 to work under the same Dr. Johns. His current experiments are on the effects of radiation on biological materials. He is a vigorous member of the school that thinks cancer is probably caused by a virus. Like virtually all the rest of Canada's brilliant young scientists, Whitmore has had offers from the U.S., but he feels that Princess Margaret Hospital (where most of the University of Toronto's biophysical research is carried out), with its million-dollar annual budget for research, has all the facilities he would find anywhere to pursue his research.

Art for everyone — for a price

Adrian Vilandr , a young Montreal sculptor, has all the attributes of the classic bohemian. He likes to paint to jazz — on glass, in a west-end coffee house. On the sides of his truck he has painted the words HEART FOR SPACE. ("It means outer space," he explains meaninglessly, and with a grin.) He sometimes goes shoeless downtown in summer. But he does too well to be *real* bohemian. He makes more money from sculpture and mosaics in Montreal apartment houses, and in shopping centres and schools in half a dozen other cities, than some more conventional artists make in a lifetime. He is now financing the construction of a comfortably appointed studio atop the house he helped build for his mother on the fashionable brow of Redpath Crescent. Vilandr  does not work, in fact, except for money, and his carvings decorate such unexpected places as the Mount Royal Hotel's Kon-Tiki room. A shopping-centre promoter who had commissioned a Vilandr  sculpture complained that he couldn't understand what he had paid \$6,000 for — a twenty-seven-foot mahogany tree split in three and mounted in concrete — and eventually donated it to the city. Vilandr  sneers at the other artists, and at all gallery owners and all critics. "Their kind of art," he says, "doesn't speak to the people. The people want art. They're waiting for it. At one shopping centre a whole crew of workmen helped me move three great boulders to where I could cut them — and they did it for nothing. I'd like to carve up hills, if someone would pay for it."



MARTIN LAVUT

Comedian without jokes

Martin Lavut is an actor-comedian whose dominant ambition is to direct movies. This is not a case of the clown who wants to play Hamlet. Lavut's humor — which he is exhibiting with increasing frequency in the circle of Toronto restaurants and coffee houses known locally as folknik spots — is not the humor of the clown. Nor, for that matter, is it particularly funny. Lavut is in the tradition of the new comics of the U.S. — topical, conversational, bitter. Many of his outlines are really little tours of acting. In one, he is a politician addressing a civil-defense meeting on the values of fallout shelters. "The shelter," he says, waving an arm, "is more than just a place to go and hide if the bombs start to fall. It is, rather, a gathering place for the entire family — a place where they can get to know each other a little better, free from the television and the telephone and the distractions of daily living. And, my friends, whatever your race or color or creed, it is a place where you can hold little prayer meetings with your family." Lavut, Montreal-born, has studied at the Pasadena Playhouse and the American Theatre Wing. He has had a few major roles on TV — he was Duddy Kravitz in the dramatization of Mordecai Richler's novel — and is kept fairly busy on the Toronto stage. But, and in spite of his growing reputation as a comedian, he is really waiting, he says, for an opportunity to direct a Canadian movie.

THE YOUNG CANADIANS *continued*



ZUBIN MEHTA

How to quarterback a symphony

Zubin Mehta and musical Montreal are currently so wildly and publicly rapturous about each other that it's difficult to imagine the romance ever ending. Mehta, at 24, is the recently appointed resident conductor of the Montreal Symphony Orchestra. He has called Montreal "a city with a fine and sympathetic ear," and at least one critic has called him a genius. At an early rehearsal of the orchestra, he lashed the musicians into action like a brash rookie quarterback snapping at the guards, and the musicians repaid him by bursting into applause as he finished conducting them in Ravel's *La Valse*. "It's a good thing you didn't hear me in that two years ago," said Mehta, who hasn't yet learned to be temperamental. Two years ago, very few people in Montreal had even heard of him. He is a Parsee — a member of the Zoroastrian sect centred in Bombay, India — and the son of a former conductor of the Bombay Symphony. He started medical studies, but left in second year when an experiment called for him to cut out the liver of a lizard. He has studied his way around the world, from Vienna to Tanglewood, and first appeared in Montreal as an emergency replacement for the ailing Igor Markevitch last year. Since then, Montreal has had to compete for his time and his fresh, vigorous approach with such larger and wealthier orchestras as the Los Angeles Symphony, which wanted him as associate conductor. Eventually, the Montrealers may lose out. But for now, Mehta has an orchestra of his own, a lease that runs till May and a contract that lets him take on occasional outside jobs. Besides that, his wife, whom he met in Austria where she was studying singing, was born in Saskatchewan.



LYNN SEYMOUR

First after Margot Fonteyn

At 21, Vancouver-born Lynn Seymour, who looks more like a cheerleader than a ballerina, is just a *glissade* away from being universally acknowledged as heiress apparent to the mantle of Dame Margot Fonteyn. The ballet critic of London's influential *Observer* has already called her that, and *all* the reviews of everything she dances indicate that all she needs now is a little time. She is now the leading dancer with the second (or road) company of Britain's Royal Ballet. Miss Seymour started dancing when she was six. In 1954 she was given an audition in Vancouver by Sadler's Wells (as the Royal Ballet was then called) and offered a scholarship in London. At 15, alone, she established digs in Paddington and she has seen her parents — her father is a dentist and her mother "wanted to do something artistic" — only three times since. Her life now is all ballet. "It's like being an athlete in training," she says. "One day off and you feel dreadful — although I've never been able to figure what the critics mean by a 'blurred performance.'" She does not consider herself a creative artist. "That's up to the choreographer. I can't always even tell if I've been good or not." She is paid £25 a week and regrets, if anything, the fact that ballet cut her education short and keeps her circle of friends small. Is she likely to return to Canada? "Only if there's something fabulous, and there isn't for me now."



DAVID FERGUSON



DAVID GAUTHIER



MICHEL GÉLINAS

Ignorance for hire

Two phrases created by the postwar Organization world of business that taste exactly like grey flannel to the non-Organization man are "management consultant" and "marketing researcher." David Ferguson, 27, is both. He works at them for Woods, Gordon, the biggest and most influential firm of jacks-of-all-businesses in the country. "I am in business," he says, "because I have no talent for anything else. When I work as a consultant, the client is really hiring ignorance — I bring a fresh mind to his problem. If I could do something else, I think I would. You might say that I followed the line of least resistance." For Ferguson, as for most Canadians born when he was, there has been very little resistance. McGill, summer jobs wherever he wanted them, two years with an insurance firm in Winnipeg ("I wanted to know about western Canada and I thought I'd never have another chance"), Harvard Business School, consultant at Woods, Gordon, marriage. Yet in spite of the ease that he himself has enjoyed, his politics are drifting left. He works occasionally for the Liberals, but he is watching, hopefully, the birth of the New Party. He is not Angry, or given to passionate causes, but in subtle ways he shatters the image of the Compleat Businessman compleatly. "Let's say," he says, "that because my immediate wants have been so easily satisfied, my marginal wants are changing. One thing I'd like is to get to work more quickly. Since I can't afford my own subway, I'm prepared to give more of my income to what is now called the public sector, and pay higher taxes to build more subways. In the same way I'm prepared to spend more of my income to work against other and far more important things that I believe are wrong. I cannot justify the fact that I make enough to live as well as I want to and thousands of Canadians do not, or that millions of non-Canadians do not make enough to live at all. I also think more people are going to feel as I do. They are going to have to."

Rebel with a cause

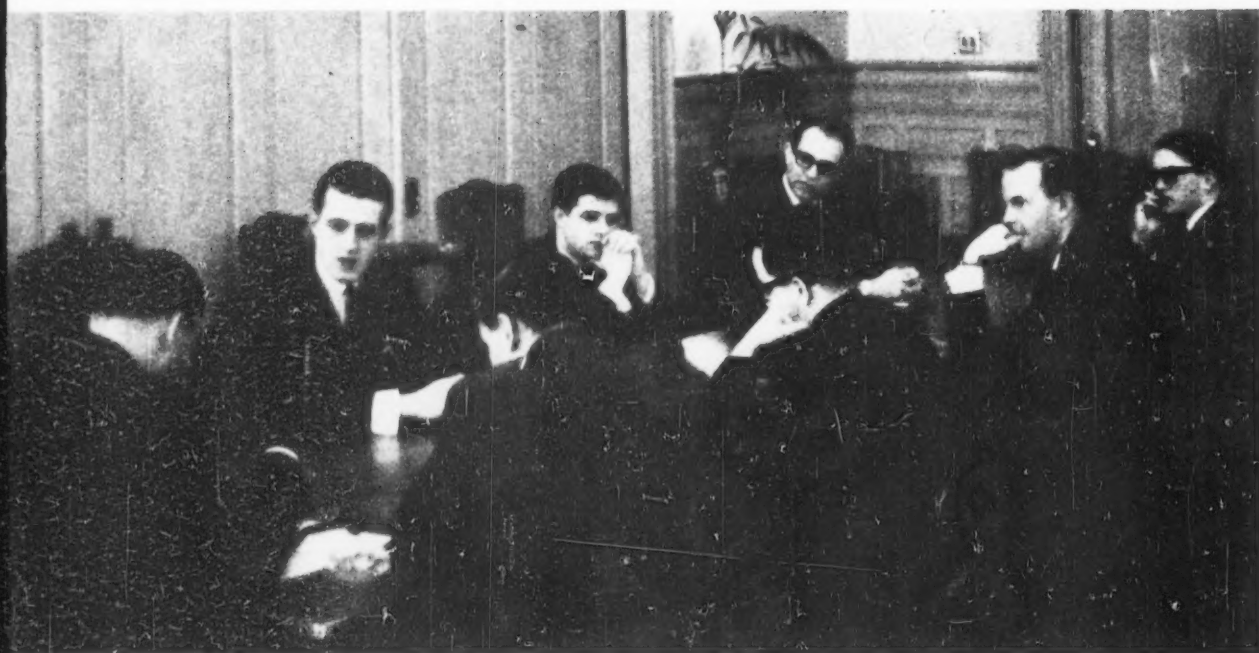
David Gauthier, 28, lecturer in philosophy at the University of Toronto, fits the traditional mold of the crusading reformer in an untraditional way. He is angry — as angry as ever J. S. Woodsworth was about the starving old — but his anger does not channel itself easily into anyone's political party. Gauthier agrees with most of the dissatisfied young that, as a form of expression, doctrinaire ideology is dead. He is a member of the CCF but he does not tread that party's line. He is a moving force, perhaps the moving force, in the Committee on Nuclear Disarmament (which has the support of such normally uncrusading people as U of T President Claude Bissell). He is an organizer of rallies, a writer of letters to the editor, a passionate debater. Asked what makes him angry, he closes his eyes and, as if reading from a fiery Teleprompter on his eyelids, begins a catalogue of injustice. He ticks off the lack of urban planning, toothless education, depression in the Maritimes, unemployment everywhere. He threatens never to stop. Asked *why* he is angry when, as he admits, anger is not a characteristic of even his most disenchanted contemporaries, he has no ready answer. "I suppose," he says, "that it is a combination of personality and education. I went to a high school, Forest Hill in Toronto, where there is an effort to make you aware of social responsibility. Later I went to Oxford and in England I found an atmosphere of questioning that was not evident here. I do agree, though, that there is growing dissatisfaction in Canada. Many people are not sure how to express that dissatisfaction, since none of the old, simple answers fits any more. But there is more and more support for such causes as our nuclear disarmament campaign. We may not win that fight, though I think our efforts are being felt already to some extent, but you do not always support a cause simply in the hope of winning. I am sorry in a way, though, that I am leaving for England for the summer. I'm submitting my thesis for a D.Phil. from Oxford, and it is going to be a very important spring as far as nuclear disarmament is concerned."

All about show business

Michel Gélinas is the oldest son of the great French-Canadian actor-producer Gratien Gélinas and in many ways he is very much like his famous father. He has the same melancholy look when his face is in repose, but when he smiles, the world smiles. He is out to close some gaps in the Canadian theatre. One is the gap between the Artist and the Book-keeper. Michel has been learning the ropes — and flats, pulleys, lighting circuits, and all the other paraphernalia — of backstage art since boyhood, and he has been on and around various stages most of his life. (He's now 23.) He is balancing this background by studying business administration at McGill; it is his ambition to know everything there is to know about theatrical production. Another gap Michel would like to see closed is the one between the French and English theatres in Canada. For three years now, Michel and two close friends (one his brother-in-law) have written and directed *Bleu et Or*, the students' annual show at the University of Montreal, where all were once undergraduates. Michel has been one of the leaders in discussions between McGill and U of M graduates about doing a combined show that would be bilingual. Michel's own preference, which is at least practical, would be for both universities to decide on a single theme and for each to develop it in its own way. That project has never got beyond the discussion stage. Another idea of Michel's and his two partners — their partnership is now called Gélinas-Richer-Sicotte — seems more likely to work: a professional musical comedy, topical and cheekily satirical, much like one of the always-popular *Bleu et Or* shows. Michel and partners are already in the first pangs of creation, which means, in this context, hashing out a story line. Until the new company really gets moving — which won't be before next winter — Michel is helping out at the Comédie Canadienne as assistant administrator.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 55

THE YOUNG CANADIANS



Maclean's invited six young men, active in Canada's three major parties, to talk about why they're in politics and how they'd run the country. Here's a condensed version of their day-long discussion with Maclean's Ottawa editor Peter C. Newman and staff writer Peter Gzowski. Their ideas and ambitions are tested, respectable. They seem to be the most hide-bound of the middle-aged young

POLITICS

Peter C. Newman, at head of table (left), and Peter Gzowski, to his right, moderate a panel made up of six young members from the three main parties.

Left or right, they like the middle of the road



Brian Mulroney

Executive vice-president of the Conservative Students' Federation, a law student at Laval University, from Baie Comeau on the lower St. Lawrence, 21.



David Greenspan

President of Ontario Young Liberals, former assistant secretary of Ontario Liberal Association, law student and freelance writer, from Toronto, 23.



John Brewin

Member of the provincial council of the Ontario CCF, Ottawa editor of the Co-operative Press Association, formerly with Winnipeg Free Press, 24.



Ted Rogers

Past national president of the Conservative Students' Federation, past national chairman of Youth for Dieffenbaker, law student in Toronto, 27.



Jean David

President of the Young Liberals Federation of Canada, former president of the Canadian University Liberal Federation, Montreal journalist, 28.



Jean-Pierre Fournier

With public relations section of the Canadian Labor Congress, nine years a newspaperman, interested in politics "as long as I can remember," 25.

Newman: Perhaps, to start, you could tell us how you personally became interested in politics.

Mulroney: I think I became interested in the Conservative party because of the opportunities that existed then. This was in 1955, and the Conservative party was down and out, if you will, and I became aware that the students and the young people had quite a bit to say, and were given the leeway and the opportunity to say it.

Fournier: My interest in politics goes as far back as I can remember. I think it has become sharpened due to the cold war and the problems that the world was facing, and also due to Duplessism in Quebec.

Greenspan: Politics is the most challenging activity I have entered, or of any that my friends have entered. It challenges every one of my faculties—fundamentally my intellect, but many other faculties such as administrative ability, speaking ability, judgment of people and grappling with public issues.

Brewin: I have been interested in politics, like Jean-Pierre, since before I can remember because of my father (Andrew Brewin, former president of the Ontario CCF). I am told that in 1940, when I was four, I was out with a poster trailing behind my tri-cycle, and I have been active in every election since.

Rogers: All young people like a cause, and I enjoyed the company of the people I met in the cause we advocated—which did not at all times agree with our party's national policy.

David: In Quebec, political meetings are a part of entertainment. And I

soon realized that politics was at the root of everything.

Gzowski: Why don't you talk about wanting to do something? I always thought the idea of going into politics was to right a wrong, or to carry a banner, or at least to accomplish something.

Mulroney: When I first got interested in politics, I didn't want to go off on some holy crusade. This was just to get my feet wet, and find out what politics entailed.

David: Personally, when I said that politics is at the root of everything I should have said as well that I have certain ideas I want to sell. I am a Liberal with a small "l".

Mulroney: The main attraction for me was the fact that we felt we had something to do, and that it could best be done through the Conservative party.

Gzowski: What was the "something"?

Mulroney: Well, to make our own ideas heard.

Newman: What ideas?

Mulroney: You will notice that in Mr. Fleming's baby budget there was a reference to the students for the first time in history. We are now permitted to deduct our tuition fees. This is one little idea that has been pushed through the federation, and Ted Rogers came to Ottawa and presented it to the cabinet committee.

Newman: Let's talk about ideas that are bigger than that.

Brewin: I think it might not be good public relations to admit it, but I think the fact is that political parties are institutions and not causes, and I think anybody who says they are is talking through his hat.

Gzowski: Even your party?

Brewin: Ours is an institution, too. What we are involved in in the New Party is building a stronger institution. You have to have these political parties in order to have a functioning democracy. It is within this framework that you operate.

Newman: Do you agree with John, Jean-Pierre?

Fournier: Yes, and I was going to say that, personally, I cannot see politics as a game or as a professional career. I think that politics touches every part of your life, and I think you cannot help but be involved in it.

Newman: What we are trying to do here is establish whether tomorrow's politicians will be any different from today's politicians. I think we should go into the area of goals and great battles.

Greenspan: One of the goals which I have is this: If Canada has achieved anything it is not the \$55 old-age pension and it is not a certain amount of unemployment insurance; our big achievement is the union of the French and English in this country. It seems to me that the new challenge to politicians is in the absorption of people who have come to this coun-

try, or are going to come to this country. I think the racial problem and the religious problem in Ontario is very marked, and I think there is a tremendous job to be done there, and I think one of the instruments for absorbing these new people is politics.

Mulroney: A number of things remain to be done. I think all young people who are interested in politics have one main aim, and that is to do the best they can to advance the welfare of every citizen of this country. There are different ways of doing that. The CCF party seems to have forgotten that you cannot do anything unless you are in office; you have to get into office before you can implement anything.

Brewin: The CCF has done an awful lot without getting into office.

Mulroney: So far as the broad aims of the party are concerned I think there is little dispute as to what we are trying to achieve.

David: I am still a Liberal, but if I could have my way I would nationalize the CPR and the Bell Telephone Company. There are people in the Liberal party who do not think that this is to the common good. I am willing to fight it out in the Liberal party.

Greenspan: How can you say that all the problems are over when there is a person going hungry in the Commonwealth? Maybe this is not within the realm of the great "isms," but it seems to me that it is just as important morally and politically.

Rogers: My cause is the reason I am a member of the Conservative party. I am a nationalist. I believe we will have to have in this country one day a very strong, powerful, dynamic country—a country for good. The Liberals laughed when the Conservatives in my grandfather's time believed in developing the country by the railways to the west. They mock us in my time. Their leader talks about "from igloo to igloo" because of our roads-to-resources plan in the north, but this is what will make our country great. I am a nationalist, and I could go on all day.

Newman: Could you project that into the future? Take the stand you have taken, and go twenty or fifty years into the future.

Mulroney: I would like to have it said of the Conservative party that it is the party that had the vision and the foresight to extend the boundaries of Canada from coast to coast. Surely, by that time, we should be a highly sovereign nation without this economic dependence upon the United States and without this tremendous tie to England. I am sorry if you interpret this as a platitude. . . .

Brewin: If you do not mean it as a platitude, will you answer the question: "Why? What is important about this?"

Mulroney: It is important if we are going to have a national self-respect. We cannot always be a second-class neighbor of the United States, or a first-class neighbor of a second-class state. The only answer I can give you is . . .

Brewin: . . . national pride.

Mulroney: No, it is self-respect.

Rogers: Nothing that is great has been built without enthusiasm, and you must have this tremendous feeling for the history of the world. We build around this feeling, and I can foresee that in twenty years you will find large cities in the north of 25,000 and 50,000 people.

Brewin: I asked you why it is important that we be a sovereign nation. I don't think you have answered that question so I'll try to answer it myself. There are distinctive features of the Canadian nation, and we should try to build up those things. I think the real reason we want to build a strong nation here is because of what we can do not only for our own citizens but for the citizens of the world. The reason we want an expanding economy, apart from providing employment for our own people, is that we will have to have it in order to be able to do the very important things in the world and particularly in the underdeveloped countries of the world. If the Conservatives do not have such reasons in mind—and you talked about this without mentioning any of them—then I do not think there is much point in it.

Greenspan: I would say that great things are built in self-sacrifice and I would say that the government has not offered Canadians self-sacrifice.

Mulroney: Let's talk about one specific sacrifice. Let's say that we were going to increase our Colombo Plan contribution, and bring it up to \$500 million a year. It would require quite an austerity program.

Rogers: And perhaps it would lead to more unemployment in this country.

Mulroney: I know that we have to look after ourselves first, but we cannot neglect these people. If the sacrifice has to be made it has to be made quickly, and it has to be made effectively. I think the day is not far off when a tremendous change will come about in the government's responsibility to change the Canadian attitude.

Gzowski: My own one-man public-opinion poll tells me that the people in their twenties, the new, prosperous generation, are way ahead of the six people sitting at this table in terms of preparation to make sacrifices.

Newman: If any of you were in office, would you be willing to make a politically unpopular move for the sake of this idea?

Fournier: I would. But I do not think it'd be unpopular — except perhaps among owners of private enterprise.

David: When President Kennedy launched his Youth for Peace program, he was supported by thousands, and that shows that the young people are willing to make sacrifices. I have attended student meetings, and we were disposed to discuss everything else but that. Everything turned around the word "hunger." Students and young political leaders realized this was the first problem, and that we had an onus cast upon us to do something about it.

Rogers: To solve the problem, Kennedy is sending out teachers, but teachers have to be trained. The program that the minister of finance outlined means that more young people will be able to attend university. Surely we have to train our young people first. We are all believers in ideals, but it is a question of putting the ideals into practice.

Gzowski: But none of you is angry, the way a lot of younger people I talked to are angry.

Rogers: Perhaps these people are not as active in politics as we are.

Gzowski: No, they're not.

Rogers: Members of the different political parties perceive the problems. Perhaps that is why we do not go off and say that we are going to change everything overnight, because overnight the dawn comes pretty quickly. We must help the people to help themselves.

Greenspan: My one-man public-opinion poll disagrees with Mr. Gzowski's. I have found my generation conservative not just on politics but also on religion, dress and attitude of mind. Take the fellows that we went to the University of Toronto with. Out of the 13,000 we went with, I would say that 11,000 were dull, smug and unresponsive.

Gzowski: A year or two ago I would have agreed. Now I'm not so certain.

Brewin: There is a genuine change coming over the Canadian people.

Mulroney: Has the government the courage to call upon the people to make sacrifices that are really going to make the Colombo Plan and similar plans the plans they ought to be? Have we any indication of it? I think we have. We are going to have to go against public opinion for a while, before people are aroused from their lethargy.

Brewin: You are very revealing when you say that, in effect, the government has to go very slowly because public opinion is not ready for it.

Fournier: I think it is too late for reform. What I want is nothing less than a revolution, and nothing less than what Cuba is doing now. I do not want this twenty years from now, but tomorrow. I think we are late even with the new African countries, and it is a question of democracy and a question of freedom. Even with this seeming prosperity we have here, we are late. CONTINUED ON PAGE 64



RING AROUND OCTOBER

By Adrienne Poy
ILLUSTRATED BY CARLOS MARCHIORI

OF COURSE IT ONLY HAPPENS when we're on our way to the cottage, so I can't say that it has a recurrent frequency (my sister is a psychiatrist) or anything like that. I'll be sitting there rolling and unrolling the window in the back seat for the dog so he doesn't get a) a cold in his eyes or b) claustrophobia, and maybe I'll lean my forehead against the window and there it is bang, bang! It's always fall, you see, when this happens. With little folded-up dead brown leaves that you could never float in puddles on the sidewalk because they're full of pinholes. There were always leaves like that on Willow Street, bobbing around the gutters and whooshing up with every passing car.

We always sat on the porch, Gumby and I, after the supper dishes were done, and watched the leaves flying around. And Gumby would say that Willow Street had more trees on it than any other street in Larchwood, and I would agree. I'm glad Gumby was my grandmother because anyone else would have put her into one of those most-unforgettable-character things and they'd never have really caught Gumby's flavor. People used to say (especially Mrs. Estley across the street) that Gumby and I looked alike. Which was to say that neither of us looked like anything. Both of us had pale brown everything, including freckles. My best friend at college, Sally Jane, used to tell me that I fitted into every surrounding. Like a kind of human chameleon. Elsie, she used to say, as she brushed out her long, long, blond hair, you're so bloody lucky you only look as good as your surroundings; you'll never offend anyone. To this day the best picture I have of myself was taken on our honeymoon; me beside a giant purple rhododendron in Stanley Park, Vancouver. I guess you could say that my idea of happiness is to feel like I looked beside that bush. I didn't just fit; I belonged.

I never knew anything else besides the house, library and garden on Willow Street, Larchwood, until I was nineteen. My sister, who is fourteen years older than me, kept descending on us in successive Junes and demanding that I come with her on a bicycle trip through Provence, or on a tour of Scandinavian ("they're the cleanest people in the world, Elsie") mental hospitals. But Gumby would always say that Elsie could get her best view of rape, murder and romance three blocks from our very doorstep, so what was the point of traveling three thousand miles for it? And I would spend my summer clipping the croquet field that ran all around our house. That fall, for the first time in years, George Ernest Estley was home. He was six years older than me, and he had gone to agricultural college to learn all about soil cultures. And he did that, more or less, for a few years, and then here he was for the fall. George drank.

I guess the fall that he came home for good, he had been in my life for at least ten years. In it, but not of it, as they say. I lived on the third floor of our house and because Willow Street curved, I got a full side view of their house. I remember watching when he was still in high school. He wore running shoes all the time and baggy, dirty white pants and he went out with a girl called Waverley Wiggins who had brown hair like mine, but on her it looked like a Breck ad. Sometimes on Sundays she would come to dinner, wearing her beautiful white cloche her mother brought her from New York, with huge pink poppies all over it; she was also the first girl in town to wear her silk stockings rolled and make it respectable. She was clever; she had written *The Development of Larchwood's Natural Resources* for the Kiwanis Club Essay Contest and had won. It was the year of our centennial, so a great big fuss was made. I talked about her all the time to Gumby, and to myself; where I'd seen her, what she was wearing, what mark she would get in the Conservatory exams all the Larchwood pupils were taking. And I hated her. I hated her when I saw George Ernest come home at eleven and I knew that the Viscount movie house closed at ten-thirty and that it took fifteen minutes (full speed down Larch Avenue) to get to her house from downtown and fifteen minutes to get from her house to Willow Street; and I would hate her when he came home at one thirty-five a.m. and sat in his car smoking three or four cigarettes in a row before taking off his shoes and tiptoeing into the house. And maybe the next day, he would look up from washing the car and I would look up from replacing the croquet wickets, and he would shout, "Hi, Elsie-chick, how's your Gramma?" He used to come over and chat to Gumby when she weeded the front flower border; his conversation to me was limited to asking me how my bicycle chain was holding out. Or whether I wanted him to paint my pogo stick. I sat on a blue campstool and looked at him and thought that he couldn't be farther away if he were sitting on the top of Mount Everest. After he left, I would sit looking at the imprint his running shoes had made in the grass.

When he started to go to college, he came home at Christmas and announced that he no longer believed in God and wouldn't go to church. As his mother had just become president of the Mothers' Union, as well as the afternoon WA, this was more than embarrassing. I wasn't shocked; I hadn't believed in God since I was seven, the year after I stopped believing in Santa Claus. I just wondered that it took George Ernest so long to reach a conclusion I considered to be foregone. He now smoked openly. Every Friday and Saturday night when he was home, he went

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

THE YOUNG CANADIANS



ADRIENNE POY is not a typical young Canadian writer. No one is, because good writers aren't typical of anything. But she is even less typical than most. Born in Hong Kong in 1939, she was brought to Canada when her family escaped in 1942. She grew up in Ottawa. In 1960, she was head girl of the University of Toronto's Church of England women's college, St. Hilda's, where she is now working on a master's degree in English. She is personable, self-assured and not convinced that the rewards of a writing career will be able to lure her away from marriage, when that choice presents itself. Most of the other young writers — and, in the opinion of such observers of the literary scene as novelist Hugh MacLennan, there are more good ones around than there have ever been — are certain that a life of writing is worth its costs. They are working toward that life in various ways. David Godfrey, Winnipeg-born, Ontario-raised, has finished his undergraduate course in "creative writing" at the University of Iowa and is now doing postgraduate work at Stanford University in California. Next year, he plans to return to Iowa, to work again under the tutelage of novelist Vance Bourjaily, who calls Godfrey "one of the four or five students I've encountered of whom I can say: that one's going to be a writer." David Lewis Stein, who paid much of the cost of his last three years at the University of Toronto out of grants he had got as a creative writer, has joined the staff of Maclean's — "to learn more about the techniques of writing." There are dozens of others, some from every university in Canada, each working for a style and expression of his own. Adrienne Poy's style and expression, as shown in *Ring Around October*, her first professionally published story, are, among her generation's often harsh and introspective work, uniquely warm and tender — and young. ★



Tony Gregson's getaway—with two gold bricks

Switching lead bricks for gold ones, Gregson vanished from Yellowknife in 1954 with \$54,000. It took the Mounties three years to find him **By Ralph Hedlin**

TONY GREGSON solved the oldest quandary of the criminally inclined—how to steal a fortune and disappear to enjoy prosperity, reasonable entertainment and a life that is only slightly fugitive. He did it by stealing two gold bricks from a bush plane in the air between a gold mine and Yellowknife, N.W.T., in 1954. Together the bricks weighed 124 pounds—worth, at the mint price, more than \$54,000. Gregson dealt it off in chunks sawn from the bars, when he needed cash. He took in, altogether, a bit more than the mint value. Then at the end of three easy-spending years, he went to jail.

A few weeks ago I took a bush plane to Thompson, the big nickel-mining boom town in northern Manitoba, looking for Anthony Hart Gregson, who was not long out of prison. He was reported to be working on a drilling crew in Thompson. In the bunkhouses all the miners gave me the same story—Gregson had "pulled the pin" a month before and left no forwarding address. But the paymaster said, "He's here. If a man has done time the boys'll always tell a stranger he's gone. If Tony isn't in Hut 11, look in the beer parlor downtown." I found him in the beer parlor—a stocky, clean-cut man with a scar under his right eye, the "distinguishing feature" described in posters that had been pinned up in hundreds of police stations and post offices across Canada. A few minutes later in my hotel room, Gregson, a big cigar in the corner of his mouth and a bottle of beer in hand, settled down to discuss what he called the gold-brick affair.

"Anybody who decides to steal should plan it with a bit of dash, and add a little color to our drab Canadian scene." He looked out of the hotel window at Thompson. "This is a town that could do with some color," he said. "It may be four hundred miles in the bush but it's still just a dull suburb, an intellectual slum."

I asked Gregson, again, to tell me about the gold bricks, and this is the story as I put it together from what he said, what the Mounties told me, and other records of the crime.

At fifteen, early in the war, Gregson joined the army in Britain. After the war, in which he served with a Scottish regiment

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38



"Stealing must be done with dash," says adventurer Gregson, 36. "Do it well and you brighten a drab society."



THE SEA DIARY OF A GAY DOG

Colin Acton was entertainment officer of the Queen Elizabeth, the world's biggest and — unless Acton fell down on the job — gayest liner. Here are his memoirs of high life on the high seas

I WAS ENTERTAINMENT OFFICER of the liner Queen Elizabeth until 1957, when I gave up seafaring for a nine-to-five job with an insurance company, a home in the suburbs of Toronto, and a quiet life. Nowadays I never need to worry about finding the swimming pool filling with fuel oil, what drinks to serve a party of bishops, how to get Christine Jorgensen into a cabin by herself (or himself), or where to put the Magna Carta. But I miss the sea, and here's why.

As entertainment officer, I found the passengers usually divided themselves into two groups — the night people and the day people. The night people wanted their entertainment to start at 10 p.m. and run until dawn, when they would stagger back to their

cabins and sleep until dinner time. The day people might stay up long enough to see a movie, but they wanted to be up early in the morning for the sea air and exercise. To please both groups I had to be a day and night person. The hours were from 10 a.m. to the following dawn, and there was something happening all the time. There was, for one thing, the sweepstake on the ship's run. Each evening the commodore issued an estimate showing the number of miles he expected the ship to have traveled by the following noon. The estimate covered a range of 20 miles, say from 700 to 720. In order to win, you had to guess the exact number. The crew were not permitted to place bets, but there were always passengers willing to buy them

tickets in exchange for inside information.

The information was rarely worth the price of the ticket, except in one case where we suspected collusion between an elevator operator and a bridge messenger. The sweepstake closed at noon, but the results were always known on the bridge a few minutes before. It would be easy for a messenger to signal the winning number from the wing of the bridge to an accomplice on the boat deck.

I became suspicious when the same passenger bought five tickets on the winning number, just before closing time each day. I told a few of the crew, and this must have made the chiselers nervous — the streak of luck ended there.

The sweepstake was for passengers looking for a little mild excitement. The stakes were low (50 cents) and the prizes never more than \$50. The real gambling took place in the first-class smokeroom each evening, where the auction pool was held. Here, the stakes were high enough to discourage all except the very rich.

The auction pool was also based on the ship's run, but only 23 tickets were sold — one for each number plus low (anything below 700) and high (anything above 700) fields. Each number was put up for auction and sold to the highest bidder. Some numbers fetched as much as \$800 and during the summer months it was not unusual to have a \$15,000 prize.

The auction was run by a committee of passengers, who chose a chairman, secretary and auctioneer. The late Lou Costello was chosen as auctioneer whenever he traveled, and the high stakes attracted many of the world's business leaders, people like Sir Roy Dobson, Lord Beaverbrook, Harvey Firestone. The singer Eddie Fisher set a record by winning the pool on three successive evenings. Debbie Reynolds, then his wife, told me later that he didn't even know what he was betting on the first evening.

I usually had ten or fifteen people to cocktails before lunch — either friends made on a previous crossing, or passengers picked by the company for special attention.

I was often complimented on being able to remember names. There's no trick to this; all it takes is a little preparation. Before a party, I would study the list of guests, memorize the names and then mentally allocate each guest to a particular chair. I could then remember names by locations, but had to try to avoid people who moved from one spot to another. I remember I once called a middle-aged spinster "Mrs. Lawrence" all the time; she was a mover and was most gratified at being able to change seats and marital status at the same time.

I would try to break up the party at 1.15 p.m. in order to join the guests at my table in the restaurant. But there was always someone who preferred a liquid lunch to that provided in the restaurant, and I could only go along with him. It was easy to match the drinking as I made it a rule to stick to tonic water, although I kept a gin bottle filled with water to add a touch of realism.

Depending on the time the party broke up, I would go down to the restaurant for lunch or sleep till 4 p.m. From 4 to 6.30 p.m. there would be swimming galas, table-tennis tournaments or deck games for me to organize, and six different films that I had to see and write reports on. Another cocktail party at 7.30 was followed by dinner at 8.30, and then my evening chores started.

I was MC for bingo, horse racing or a panel game such as What's My Line? or Twenty Questions. Later, as often as not, there was a gala or fancy-dress ball. Sometimes there were concerts to organize, with stars like Sophie Tucker, Bob Hope, Lou Costello, Ray Bolger, Carol Bruce and Dame Myra Hess. Some of the shows we staged would have been impracticable ashore; the cost of the talent would be prohibitive.

Just after midnight, our more sophisticated passengers would start drifting up to the Starlight Roof, a nightclub on the sun deck. Rita Hayworth often came and would pass unnoticed—until CONTINUED ON PAGE 47

Bouncing on a trampoline can teach a child to read

A Montreal psychologist is finding some new answers to an old question — why some bright children cannot learn reading. Often, he says, they lack skills that can be developed at play

By **ANNE MacDERMOT**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON NEWLANDS

THE LITTLE BOY seemed at home on the trampoline, jumping hard and clapping as he jumped. A bigger boy leaned over the controls of a model figure-of-eight speedway. At the end of the room two boys were playing darts. A schoolgirl in a tunic and red leotard turned and carefully retraced her steps along the slippery surface of a balancing board. Something about the children's concentration made their sport look like more than child's play. They were, in fact, learning to read.

Their "playroom" is in the Montreal Children's Hospital, across the hall from Endocrinology. It is a classroom, a clinic and an experimental laboratory that is tackling one of the most baffling problems of education: why some children, otherwise apparently normal and intelligent, have a mysterious difficulty learning to read.

There have always been children who have had trouble with reading. A recent survey puts the number at fifteen percent in the first year of school.

They include all kinds of children, who have all kinds of reasons for failing — low intelligence, poor health, unhappiness at home. The most baffling ones are the bright, sturdy kids, often good at sports, who have all the qualities to do well in school, apparently, but can't master elementary reading. Specialists now know that these children lack the fine co-ordination between eye and hand that must be there before reading can be mastered. The result is a steady trickle flunking school each year, among them potentially bright students who should be going on to university.

In the past, most of the blame for their reading difficulty has tended to fall on emotional disturbances. It is only recently that research has been done on co-ordination. A training program using physical exercises to improve co-ordination and tackle the reading problem from this direction has been used in re-education centres in Paris and Marseilles and, more particularly, in the U.S. by a psychologist named Newell Kephart. Last summer the Montreal Children's Hospital, working with the Montreal Protestant School Board, started an experiment called the Learning Clinic.

The clinic is under Dr. M. S. Rabinovitch, a 34-year-old McGill professor who is head of the Department of Psychology at the hospital. He has studied many of the children he calls the "under-achievers" and wants to help them. He runs an unusual classroom. On the first day, a teacher remembers, "Sam moved in complete with trampoline, electric train, balancing boards, chalkboards, puzzles, plane models and said, 'Use them.' I admit I was skeptical at first but now I see the point of some of his ideas."

What is he trying to prove?

"We took our clue from the athletes," says Dr. Rabinovitch. "There are children who are naturally good at all sports. But there are others who are good skiers and swimmers but are unexpectedly weak in games like baseball or tennis. What they lack is fine co-ordination of hand and eye. The same thing trips them up in reading. There is nothing wrong with their IQ and so it follows that the gap in their development is in the other area, the perceptions."

"Children take in experience with eyes, ears, all the senses including muscles, and add this knowledge to the central store, the brain, where it is organized. If one or more of the senses falters, or if the brain is not organizing as it should, the child may fail to develop certain skills and sooner or later is thrown off balance. The acid test comes at school. No amount of scolding or drilling will make any difference until the missing knowledge is made up. That's what we're trying to do."

This explains the trampoline, balancing boards, puzzles. They are the tools of learning for children who haven't learned to balance, to focus and grasp, to detect the shape of things, to pick up and arrange them.

"I remember a boy that came to see me three or four years ago," Rabinovitch says. "He was a big fellow, a terrific athlete, and played goalie for his school hockey team. He was seventeen and had been getting through school badly till then. That year he was flunking out, and it was his junior matric. I examined him and found he had a perceptual motor problem — in other words, CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

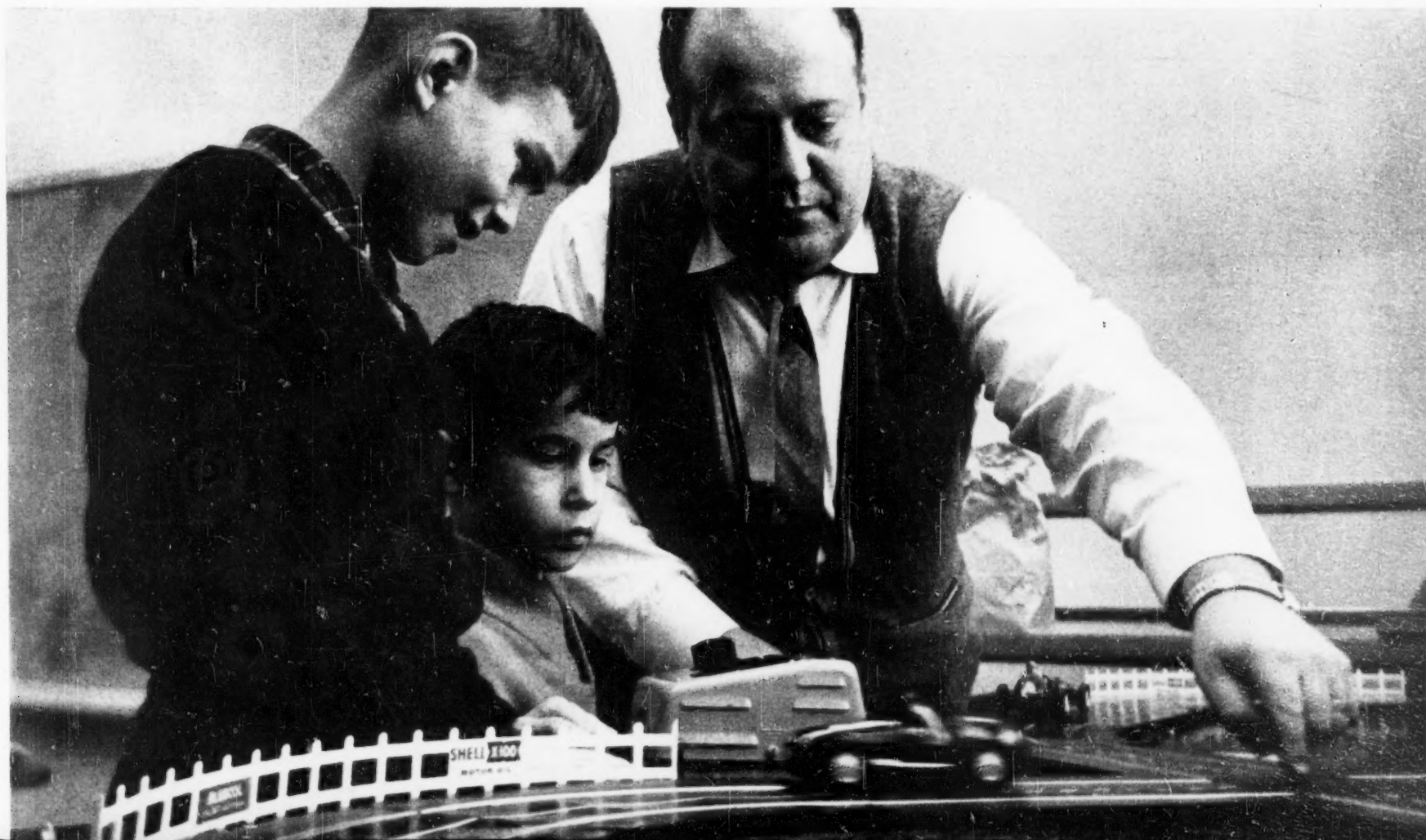




Dr. M. S. Rabinovitch (left), a psychologist studying the relationship between children's poor co-ordination and their inability to read, watches as Alan Heilig, one of the young pupils at his Learning Clinic, bounces on a

trampoline. Another pupil (above, left) illustrates control by drawing a spiral on a blackboard. The aim: to draw a continuous line without raising the chalk or having the lines touch. Alan (middle) practises finger co-ordination

with Rabinovitch. Kenny Waxman (above, right), whose problem is also one of co-ordination, tries a balancing board. Below, Rabinovitch shows Michael Parker and Alan how to control the speed of electric racing cars.



A colonial community named for an English king is the social — and backstage political — centre of the U. S. capital. The Washington editor of Maclean's tells how Georgetown, once a tobacco port and later a slum, became

The most powerful village in the world

BY IAN SCLANDERS

IN A VILLAGE that would do as the stage setting for a historical drama — a village where automobiles look as incongruous against the background of colonial and federal architecture as coaches and carriages would look among the split-level bungalows of a new suburb — a youthful man with a shock of rusty hair strolled half a dozen short blocks from his graceful federal house to a friend's house that sits behind a picket fence built of surplus army rifles from the

War of 1812. There he dropped in not to borrow a book or swap yarns but to ask how to improve his country's foreign relations.

He was John Kennedy, preparing to take up his presidential duties, and the neighbor from whom he was seeking advice was Dean Acheson, a former secretary of state. The place, of course, was Georgetown, the rich and gay tobacco port on the Potomac River that crumbled into a rat-infested slum half a century ago and then, in an incredible Cinderella-like transformation that began after World War I, became the most impressive address in the United States and the square mile that exerts more influence on more nations than any other square mile of residential real estate on our planet.

As Kennedy and Acheson talked, a tall lame man named Christian Herter, just winding up his twenty tough months as secretary of state, was in the library of his home, a few doors from Acheson's on the same street, studying reports from U.S. diplomats abroad. In a house on the next street, the director of the Central Intelligence Agency, Allen Dulles, puffed his pipe and contemplated the latest scraps of information from his global espionage system.

Elsewhere in Georgetown, at large noisy parties and small intimate parties, scores of cabinet members, congressmen, judges, ambassadors, admirals, generals, top-rung civil servants, multimillionaires, syndicated newspaper columnists, television celebrities and lobbyists were munching canapés, sipping drinks, dining by candlelight. They were also mapping political strategy, testing ideas, pleading causes, negotiating deals, gathering news and currying favor —

for the real reason for holding or attending a Georgetown party is seldom merely to dispense or accept hospitality. Many accomplish more at these parties than they do in their offices, legislative chambers and boardrooms.

This has been true for years but, because of the big lively Kennedy family, a lot more people are aware of it now. The outdoor press conferences on N Street when he was president-elect and before he moved a mile or so to the White House gave John Kennedy's Georgetown front steps almost the status of an institution, and news and television cameras trailed him as he walked to:

The Georgetown house of his sister Jean, who is Mrs. Stephen Smith.

The Georgetown house two other sisters, Mrs. Sargent Shriver and Mrs. Peter Lawford, shared for inauguration week at fifty dollars a day each.

The house brother Ted rented for inauguration week at a hundred dollars a day.

The house brother Bob rented for an undisclosed amount.

The house John Kennedy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy, rented for inauguration week at two hundred dollars a day.

A number of Washingtonians were guilty of the obvious and inane remark that the name of Georgetown was about to be changed to Kennedyville. This, even if the Kennedy clan multiplied prodigiously, would be extremely unlikely, for if there is one thing Georgetown clings to, it is Georgetown's cherished traditions.



Georgetown has been there for a couple of centuries, but its sidewalks were rarely crowded till resident John Kennedy began holding street conferences.



Henry Cabot Lodge, here with son and dog, is a Georgetownner, as are cabinet members and Supreme Court judges and a fifth of the U. S. Senate's members.

For example it should not be called Georgetown; nor is it entitled to be called even a village. Its civic charter was revoked in 1871 and, technically, it has since been merely one neighborhood in Washington, D.C. Yet its faithful residents preserve discreet and tasteful signs that tell you when you are entering their favorite habitat and unanimously insist that, charter or no, it's their village, with its own flavor, its own personality, its own mood. These residents support their own fortnightly newspaper, their own restaurants, caterers, landscape architects, antique dealers, interior decorators.

It's typical of Georgetown that the newspaper, *The Georgetown*, plays up local history the way most papers play up murders, and that it plays up the fancier and more distinguished soirées the way most papers play up baseball and football games. It is typical, too, that one of the more popular caterers is John Prince, graduate of the University of North Carolina, Columbia University, and the University of Missouri. He taught English at the University of Missouri but didn't like the cooking at the cafés in the university town. He started cooking for himself, decided to study seriously at the Cordon Bleu in Paris, then chose Georgetown for his new career because he is a dedicated chef and Georgetown is full of gourmets. Prince has a staff of colored servants who were meticulously trained in private homes. His idea of catering at a cocktail party (for around three dollars a guest without the liquor) and at a dinner party (for around ten dollars a guest unless you want expensive dishes) is that the food should taste as though it had been prepared under the eye of the hostess in her own kitchen, only better, and that the hired help should create the impression that they are permanent employees of the household. Prince is proud that he can deliver oysters on the half-shell, iced, five minutes before a meal, but he's prouder that he didn't let down a bride and groom. This couple, from Chicago, had acquired a house in Georgetown and wanted a champagne and pheasant supper awaiting them on their arrival, which was late at night. Prince had a key to the front door, but the lock jammed. He climbed in a second-story window.

If Georgetown is full of gourmets it must also be full of money. Prince's own prices are steep enough but he has a thriving competitor who charges six dollars and a half for a pecan pie, three dollars a dozen for croissants and brioches, three dollars for a loaf of lemon bread, seventy-five dollars for a roast suckling pig, and eighteen dollars for a platter of lobster cardinal for two (you're allowed to keep the platter).

Jeff Davis, an interior decorator who was associated with Lady Mendl in New York before he set up shop in Georgetown, has done decorating jobs that cost up to fifty thousand dollars in houses of quite modest size. On occasion he's been commissioned to do an interior to match a colonial or federal exterior — all one period. He doesn't like this uniformity much and says that truly cultivated Georgetowners, a widely traveled breed, bring furnishings home from the ends of the earth and mix them up.

Davis's toughest problem is finding an abundant supply of carved eagles, these being symbols of federal days when Georgetown was at the zenith of its glory. Georgetowners hang eagles over bookcases, fireplaces and doorways, and in this odd, affluent, powerful community — a community which, above all else, is a state of mind — there are whole streets where nearly every house has an eagle above its porch. These houses invariably are adorned with carriage lights, which are mass-produced to meet the demand but look as though they'd escaped from old hearses. Some of the houses bear plaques depicting fire reels — relics of the age when the firemen owned the Georgetown Insurance Company and didn't want to strain themselves pro-

tecting the property of non-subscribers. There are a few houses which, in a nauseating display of cuteness, have wicker fishing creels for mailboxes. As Davis says, "the trouble with being a decorator is that all your customers think they have excellent taste, which isn't necessarily so."

The trouble with being a landscape architect, on the other hand, is that well-intentioned matrons insist that you must be an exceedingly smart young man to make a living from your hobby. One butt of this libel is a personable Georgetown bachelor named Perry Wheeler, who spent seven years at various universities, including Harvard, qualifying for his degree of Bachelor of Fine Arts in landscape architecture.

Wheeler has designed the gardens of hundreds of Georgetown houses, among them the one Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kennedy rented. He once persuaded the Christian Herters to knock out the back of their garage and replace it with double doors so it wouldn't be so difficult to carry trees and flowering shrubs into their yard, and he and his crew are masters at packing a tree through a living room without disturbing the bric-a-brac. This is done all the time in Georgetown, where the only access to most gardens is through the house. When a tree just can't be squeezed through doors and halls, automatic hoisting equipment is used to lift it over a garden wall and, in rarer cases, over the roof of a house. A single tree can cost eight hundred dollars or more — one eight-hundred-dollar tree was wrecked by an oil truck that hit it — and there are Georgetowners who spend forty or

fifty thousand dollars to remodel and replant their backyards. They do this willingly because, in Georgetown, the backyard, walled with wood paling or bricks, is where most of the entertaining is done during the long soft pleasant springs and falls. Most Georgetown backyards are so small that a Georgetown author once remarked that "you don't weed them, you dust them."

The politicians in Washington's rough-and-tumble arena find Georgetown's walled yards as soothing as the diplomats do. And the atmosphere is one in which reporters like Drew Pearson and Joseph Alsop, panting after hot tips, generally succeed in their quest. Pearson put four little houses together to make one big house. And Alsop did more to halt changes in Georgetown than anybody else. He did this by building his own house — a very modern one with picture windows and all the rest of it. The reaction of house-proud Georgetowners, with their simple, well-proportioned façades of old brick in colonial or federal design, was stark and utter horror. They raised such a clamor that Alsop wrote an entertaining and profitable article about his experiences, but what happened in the end was that another Georgetown resident, Congressman James W. Wadsworth, whose son James J. was later to be U.S. ambassador to the UN, had a law passed that gave Washington's Fine Arts Commission authority to say what kind of architecture Georgetown should or should not have. The commission set up a committee of architects headed by Walter Macomber, who is famous in his profession for the restoration of Williamsburg and of George Washington's home. CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

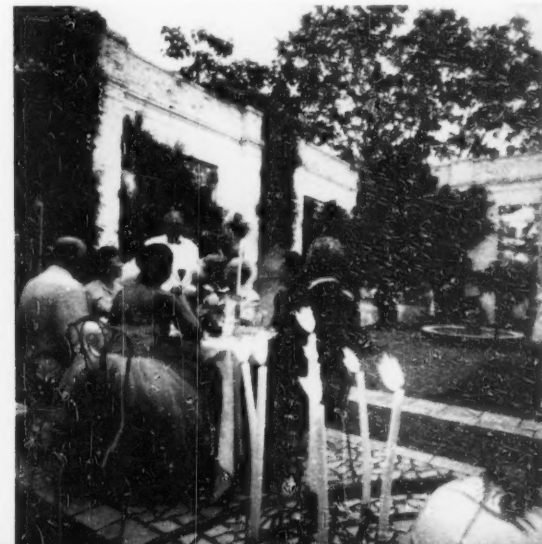


Some call the district consciously arty; this exhibit was held in the confines of a Presbyterian church.



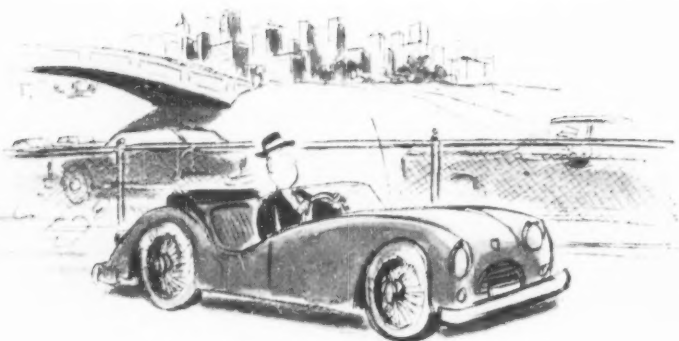
Barges of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, a noted Georgetown haunt, can be rented for cocktail parties.

American eagles are much in demand for decorating the restored brick houses of the colonial period.

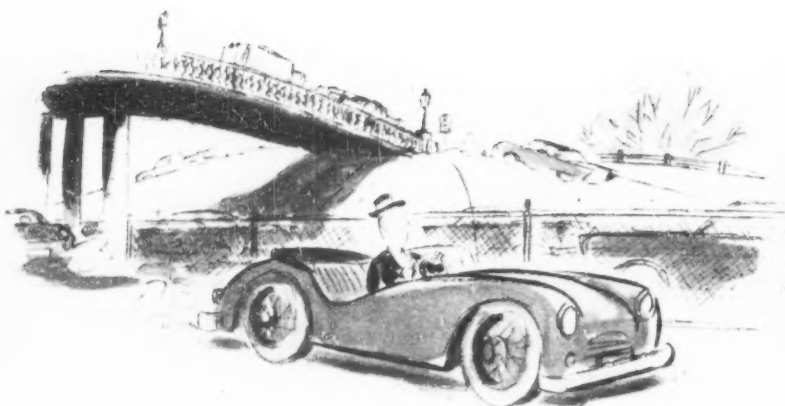
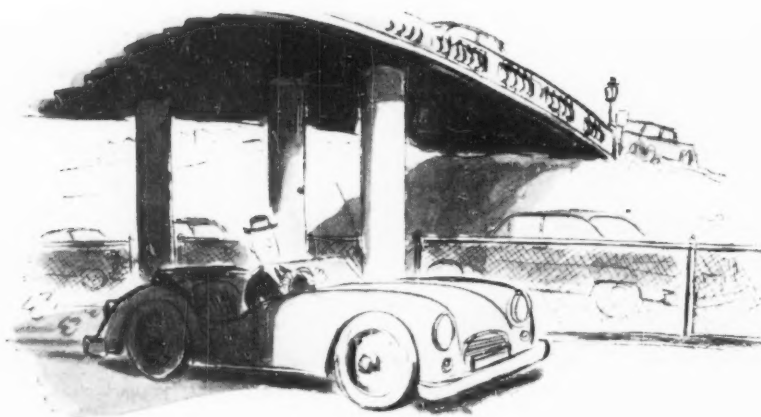


This backyard dinner party was given by a former deputy U.S. secretary of defense, William Foster.

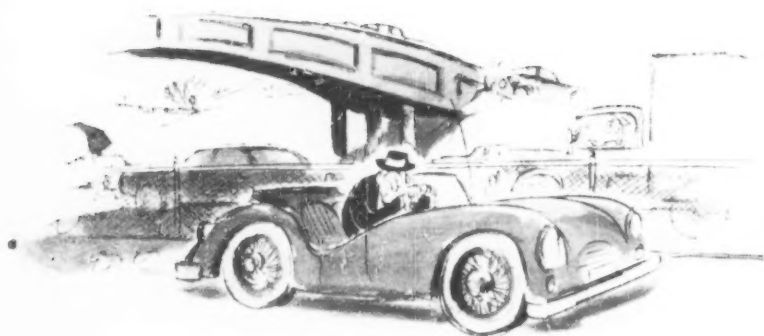
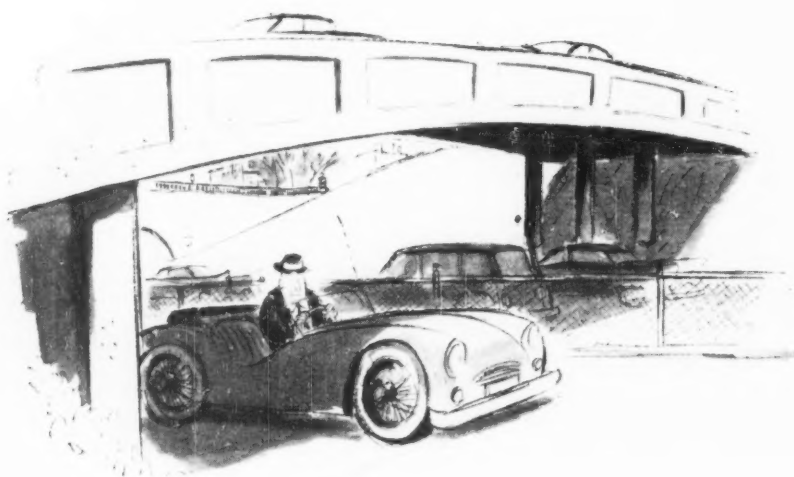
Sweet and sour *with Intalanci*



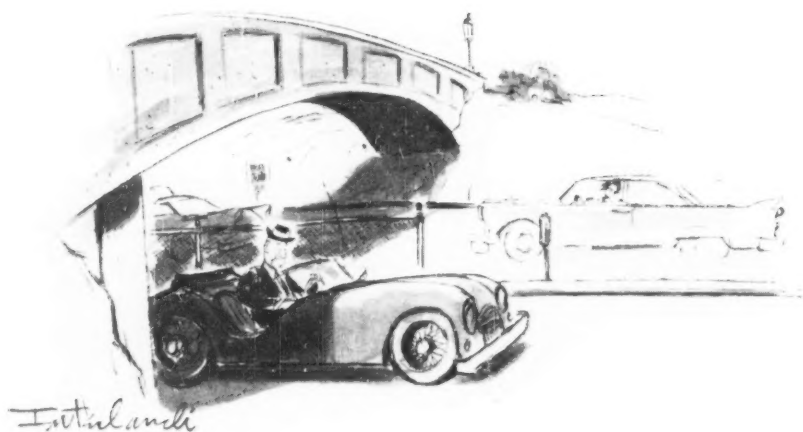
"And now the news of the day! The president announced today . . ."



". . . troops. Russia immediately replied by . . ."



". . . war. Meanwhile, delegates at the UN were . . ."



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Ring around October continued from page 23

"Larchwood didn't welcome George back with open arms; I was the only young person he talked to"

drinking with his high-school friends who now worked in the soap factory. It was generally acknowledged that he had *gone bad*. Waverley Wiggins had gone to the States to a big women's college where her mother had gone. They had only gone out once since then. And that time, he tore the right sleeve off her dress and actually bit her arm. Then he yelled horrible things at her (everybody on the street woke up) and dragged her out of the car and pounded on her front door, holding her by her bitten arm and calling to her father to come and get his whore of a daughter. And after that little display, the whole town was disappointed that she hadn't been raped and Jack-the-Ripper. But Mrs. Wiggins anxiously assured everyone that horrible George Estley was just mean drunk, as usual. So then, of course, no decent girl could possibly go to the corner with George without earning all kinds of unwarranted fame. And so George went out with Rita Carlos who had emigrated with her brother from New York and who didn't stand a fighting chance against good old George when he had a mickey in him, and with Olga Wasniewski who didn't know what the word fight meant, in more than one way.

Olga worked at the Pinelands Hotel and Grill and had spent most of her life in logging camps near Seattle. She came and helped us spring-clean two years in a row and I remember her tenderly because she told me she thought I would have a real nice little body one of these

days. George used to smuggle her into the house when his parents were away at the Lake. She wasn't pretty, though; I was glad she wasn't pretty.

Then he failed, and off he went, hitchhiking. Gumby got postcards about every four months, telling her that the Danube was muddy, the Alhambra beautiful and the Parthenon overrated. Then we heard nothing.

In my Senior Matriculation year, he just walked into the house one day and swung Gumby around, told her she was still the spiciest Unitarian he'd ever seen and asked her if she could still make that Apple Betty. Then he looked at me. It was one of those wonderful onstage moments when I would have loved to walk toward him with both arms raised forward to shoulder level, à la Katharine Cornell, head tilted to one side, voice low and trembling, and said, "Welcome home, George."

He said, "Hiya, old Elsie. You haven't changed a bit." And I said, "Neither have you, George."

I was lying and I hoped he was too. He looked thin and brown and old. Even when he smiled he looked tired. When I looked at him, I wanted to cry. He looked so old, so old.

Let's say Larchwood didn't welcome George back with open arms. In fact, I was the only young person George Ernest Estley talked to. He drank with the soap-factory crew, he talked to Gumby, he saw Olga Wasniewski, who no longer had the sideline as waitress at the Pine-

JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"See, I told you they're so busy eating they'd never notice!"



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lands, and he drank alone. Gumby said that he should be put to work or his brains would settle into his hind end, but I think she was as good to him as anyone in his life ever was. And I guess he paid attention to me as an extension of Gumby. Sometimes he would come over and just sit and watch while I did my crossword puzzles in the evening. One night he watched while I went through two and then he said, "Elsie, why are you so practical?"

I looked up at him. He held an open bottle of beer by one hand and with the

other he pushed his heavy horn-rimmed glasses high up on his forehead. I said, "Because I'm not beautiful."

"Well, Elsie," he said, after a moment's pause to enjoy my obviously un-pained admission of fact, "that's God's truth. But of all the unbeautiful people I know, you shine the most. You do."

I sat there, in all my eighteen-year-old un beauty and thought, you handsome dissipated bastard, thanks a mill for less than nothing. But I said, "You sure know how to sweet-talk the ladies, don't you, George?"

He looked at me quizzically and said, "For God's sake, you're the first female over the age of fifteen I've told the truth to, except your grandmother, and you think it's sweet talk. What's the matter, can't you tell honesty when you see it?"

"Maybe not." But I mentally added that I could certainly tell George Ernest Estley when I saw him.

We glared at each other. Then George leaned over and tugged my nose out and down.

"Come on, heap big Elsie, let's be

friends till the white hope of the Algonquins turns purple."

Other times our conversations made sense. We competed with each other and with Gumby in our reading and I attribute my present middle-aged (almost) fits of morbidity to the fact of my having been forced to read Schopenhauer before I ever knew what the word *will* meant. Gumby and George and I would bat ideas around an open fire; I think it might have been the only time when George didn't drink steadily.

Then at Thanksgiving time, the Senior Matriculating class gave an evening of recitations and music. I asked George to come because I wanted him to hear me reciting Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*; after all, I had to take some chances. Gumby made me a new dress of bright pink (my eyes blink just to remember it) lace over moire taffeta, with pink silk stockings to match. George came all right, but the only thing that kept him from reeling into row H in the auditorium of Larchwood Memorial Collegiate Institute was Olga Wasniewski. She waved and threw a kiss to me; she knew half the people in the hall and winked and smiled at them all. George fell asleep on her shoulder and snored through *Michael: A Pastoral Poem* and a choral version of Psalm 139 for four male voices. By the time the program reached *In Memoriam: Selections*, George and Olga had been led out by Mr. Watson, the school janitor. The next day, George appeared and told me that he hadn't come to apologize, but to be thanked for leaving before he ruined my recitation. I guess I was silly, and Gumby would have been ashamed of me, but I sat on the edge of the porch watching Mr. Estley light a bonfire of leaves and cried. Like faucets. George looked into my face, which must have looked like a freckled dishrag, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Just remember, Elsie, that I'm probably the worst person you'll ever know. As long as you live."

I just kept crying like a Greek widow, thinking of all the things I could tell him, if only I had had the courage and if only I didn't know that he would only smile his thin hardly-a-smile-at-all and shake his head. So I kept crying. And then George said, slowly, "Elsie, would you like to go for a ride to Winchen's to get an Eskimo Pie?"

"In your car?" I hiccupped.

"Yes, unless you'd rather go on your pogo stick."

We drove to the opposite end of town to get our Eskimo Pies. Across the street in the Esther Larchwood Memorial Park, the Orange Lodge Band was playing *My Hero* and the *Washington Post March*.

"George," I said, trying to sound elaborately casual, "George, are you still in love with Waverley Wiggins?"

He pushed his glasses up on his forehead.

"Elsie, from one old drunk to one little girl, never ask questions to which there are no answers. You only confuse people. And that's not kind, is it?"

He sat in the twilight looking at me. I glanced at him and then looked out the window. Whenever I looked too long at him, I got the funny sensation that I wasn't really seeing him, but only remembering him. As though his sitting there on the other side of the car, or the room, or the hall was only a result of my saying "George, George, George" over and over again.

He turned his head away and placed his forehead against the window. He rubbed it up and down, up and down.

"What would you like me to say, Elsie? You have your choice of the



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Giant yellow equivocation or the Jumbo pure-white lie. Any preference? None? Oh hell, you're no fun."

"You'd never listen anyway. I know you."

"Do you, Elsie?"

"Yes."

He shook his head. He started the Stutz and we roared back to Willow Street in silence.

"How do you know me, Elsie?" He was staring through the windshield as though he were still driving.

"I know you, George, because I've watched you all my life. From across the street. That's how."

He got out of the car and opened my door for me. I stepped out of the car and felt the autumn wind, sharp as a reproach.

"Sleep the sleep of the just and innocent, Elsie. It's such a limited privilege. Make the most of it."

I turned and walked up the path that leads to our back door. Gumby always maintained that front doors should only be used for funerals and weddings. I started making coffee in the kitchen. I went upstairs to put my coat away and to get my Latin Authors homework. He was sitting at the kitchen table when I came back.

"If you know me, then you know I'm a coward, don't you?"

I put the cups on the table, and the cream and the sugar. "I don't know what you want me to say, George."

"Nothing at all. Just wondering if you'd noticed all my gem-like qualities. From across the street."

We drank our coffee silently. George leaned over the table and said "Let's sing."

So we sang *Whispering Hope* and *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag*.

"What'll we do now, Elsie? The world's not frightened away yet."

"We're going for a walk."

"Out there? It's cold out there."

"I'll get my coat."

We walked around the house over the croquet field, round and round. We passed the elm tree fourteen times before I lost count. And George talked. Not that he told me anything I didn't know, but it was strange somehow to hear him tell it. I was dizzy at the time, thinking how he was confiding in me. Actually, I guess I was a kind of microphone through which he was speaking to an empty hall. It was too bad; we both needed an audience and we just had each other.

"Elsie, I'm going away again. I just can't stay here."

"Where will you go?"

"Out into the night, naked in a wet mackintosh. Without a little girl to guide me in circles."

"What will you do?"

"What I do best, Elsie. Lie and cheat. And leave. Ah, back to the simple life."

He stopped suddenly under the elm tree which we were passing for the tenth mile and said,

"I talk too much, Elsie. Tell me about you. What's ever happened to you?"

"Well, mostly pogo sticks and Eskimo Pies. I guess, George. Maybe a couple of bonfires here and there."

"Is that all?"

"Yes." I lied. I never felt badly about lying to George. He needed it. It was the only thing you could do for him. Like using lullabies to keep puppies from barking.

"Well, that's good. You're a lucky little girl. A lucky little girl. Don't ever let life grind you down, Elsie. Kiss and don't mean it; hit and do. The secret to life's success. Remember?"

"Yes, George."

"To make sure you do." And he bent over and put his lips to my forehead just above my right eyebrow. Smooth and cold as part of the night. I remember thinking that the bark of elm trees was the roughest thing I'd ever leaned a frozen hand on. And feeling like running water with sun on it. No wonder it makes me feel old to think about it.

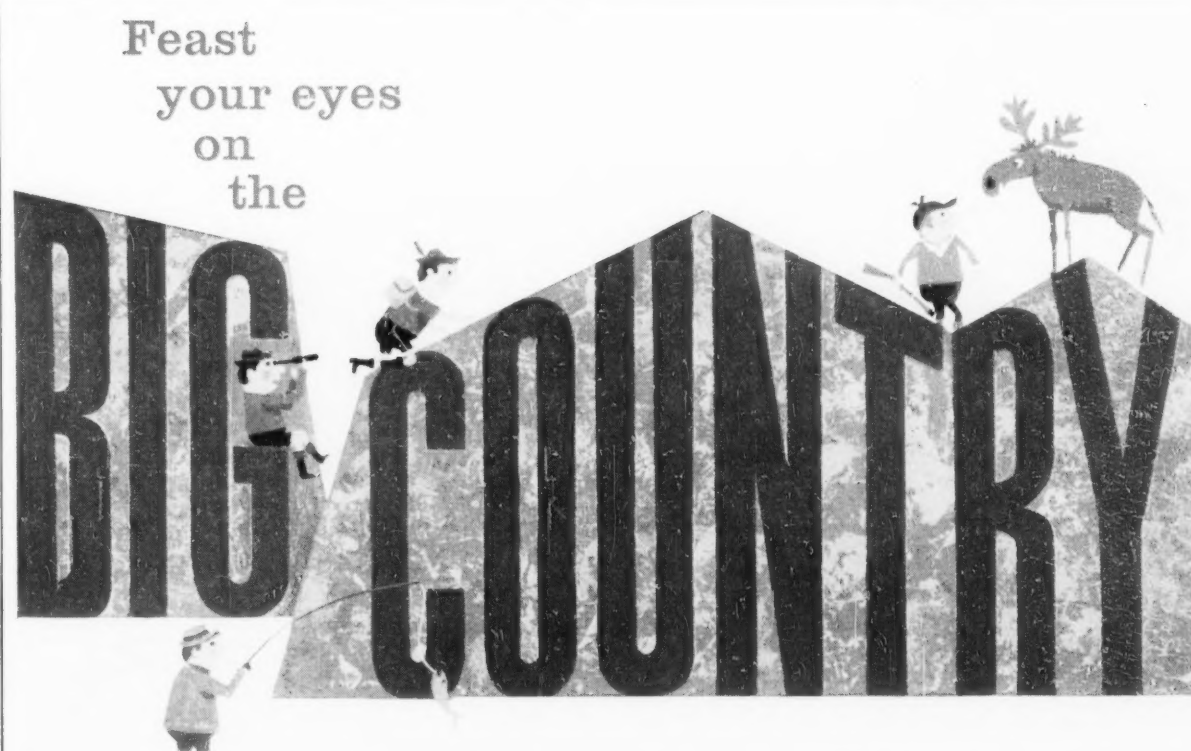
And standing there like that, George said very quietly,

"Well, Elsie." And then, "Say that you know everything I've told you, Elsie."

Even as I wondered where I would get the voice, I heard myself saying, "I know everything you've told me, George." And his arms folded around me. I was sure that when I opened my eyes the stars would be gone and the tree and everything but us. Everything would be gone that wasn't rocking gently, lightly. Rocking warm past cold Willow Street on an October night.

I only saw him once after that. I don't know what I expected; maybe that he would declare suddenly-discovered love for me, or that he would ask me to

carry his umbrella. It's been thirty years and Willow Street and Larchwood have passed silently out of my life, along with news of George Ernest Estley. Gumby used to say that pain was like having your tonsils out; maybe nobody could tell to look at you, but it had happened just the same. One October day, George Ernest hopped on the 1.52 for Toronto and the whole town said a collective good riddance. With him went my chance to be a tiger-trainer, or a spy, or even beautiful. He just didn't ask me. To be anything, I mean. ★



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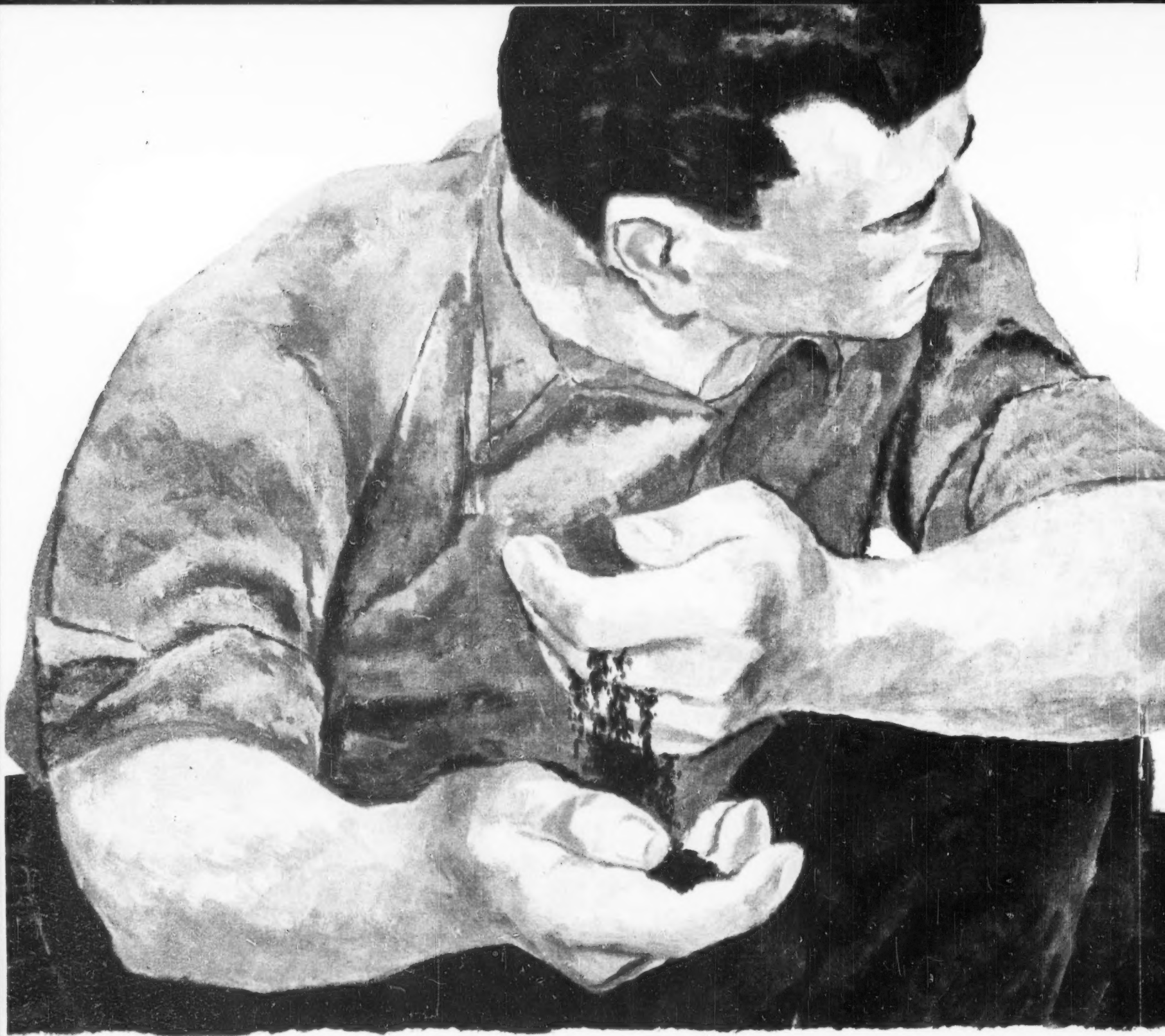
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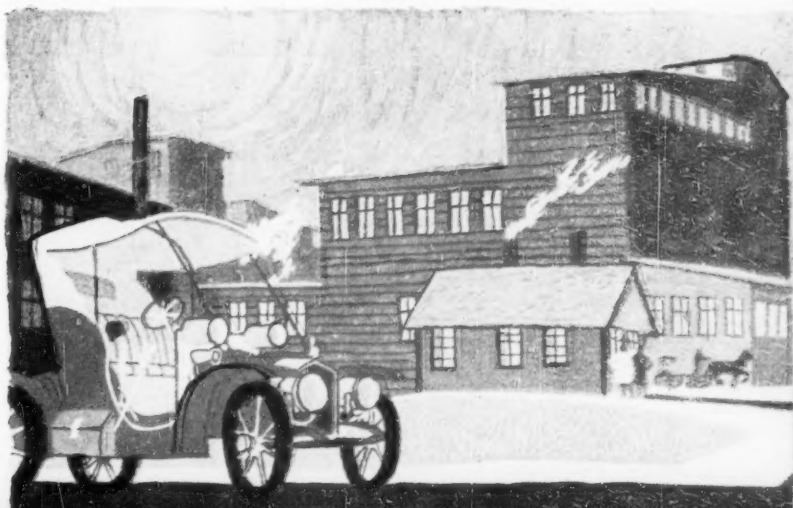
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Tony Gregson's getaway continued from page 24

For \$25, he had a foundry make him a lead brick

and parachuted into Greece and later into France, he decided to emigrate from Britain, and chose a characteristically unconventional way to do it. He crossed to New York as a stowaway aboard the *Mauretania*, crossed the border into Canada by crawling along the girders on the underside of the bridge at Niagara Falls, and got away with both escapades until railway police caught him boarding a westbound freight in Toronto and called the immigration authorities. But Gregson so impressed the immigration officers that they withdrew their deportation order, providing he stuck for six months in the job they found for him in a Toronto meat-packing plant.

Six months and one day later, Gregson left for Yellowknife. For three years he prospected in the Nahanni and Mackenzie valleys, panned gold, worked in mines and the bush, worked on a commercial fishing crew netting on Great Slave Lake. Once he saw a gold brick tossed onto a snowmobile at a mine site; a Métis laborer who wasn't doing anything was ordered to run it the forty miles into town. More than once he saw gold bricks wrapped in their canvas sacks lying unprotected on the floor of bush planes for transport to Yellowknife. He began planning a robbery that would add color to the drab scene. "It was no trick to get hold of the bricks," Gregson recalled later. "But how to jump those hundreds of miles to a big city without getting caught. That was the question." He began by having an Edmonton seamstress sew up heavy

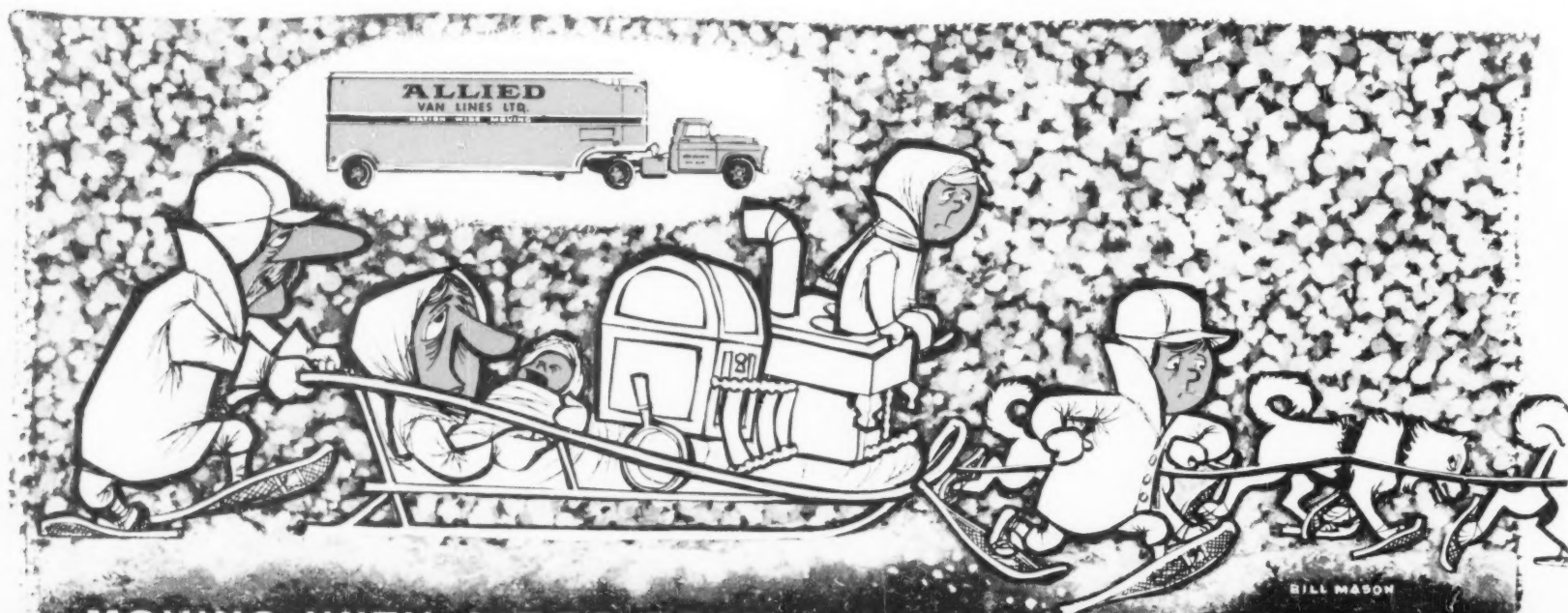
canvas drawstring bags to his specifications. For \$25, a foundry made him a lead brick the same size and shape as a gold brick; later he bought \$30.30 worth of lead from the caretaker of the inoperative Negus Mines at Yellowknife and made a second lead brick. He rented a cabin on the Negus property and stored his kit and canoe, the two lead bricks and canvas bags, and an ink pad and toy printing set he'd bought in Edmonton. He was almost ready. In the winter of 1953-54 he got work with Consolidated Discovery Yellowknife Mines, fifty miles by air from Yellowknife.

On July 1, 1954, Consolidated Discovery poured its gold into two bars; one weighing 72 pounds, the other weighing 52. That day Gregson told James Engstrom, the mill superintendent, he was quitting and would leave on the Saturday plane.

Max Ward, of Wardair Ltd., flew the plane, with a passenger in the co-pilot's seat and Gregson and a third passenger in the seats behind. The men dozed as the plane droned south toward Yellowknife. The pilot left his seat only once, for a stop at a bush camp, and Gregson quickly exchanged his lead bricks for gold ones.

Ward clambered onto the dock at Yellowknife, Gregson right behind him. "Shove out those two gold bricks will you, Tony?" asked Ward. Instead, Gregson pushed out his Gladstone bag. Ward grabbed the bag. It clunked onto the dock.

"Jeez, Tony, what's in there, gold



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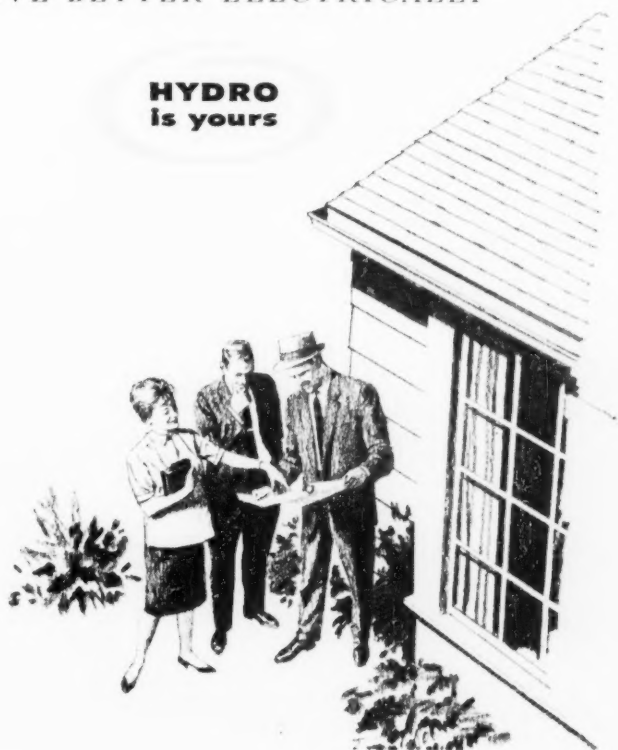
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bricks?" asked Ward. "Geiger," muttered Gregson and, picking up his kit, he walked away. Before he disappeared he glanced back and saw the canvas-wrapped bricks lying on the dock, the documents pinched between. A truck would take them to the mine safe in the office of Frenchy's Transport.

Once out of sight, Gregson hurried to his canoe, tied up nearby, and pushed off. He had everything—gas, food, tobacco, reading material—he needed to hide on the west side of the north arm of Great Slave Lake until the first storm blew

over; then he would find his way down the Mackenzie River to the Liard and up to the Alaska Highway, or go down the Mackenzie to Rat River Portage and down the Bell and Porcupine Rivers and up the Yukon River to Circle, Alaska. Or he could go up the Hay River. There were several routes, and any one might serve as Gregson's answer to the 600 miles that separated Yellowknife from concealment in a city.

The outboard motor wouldn't start, and Gregson expected his lead-for-gold trick to be discovered within an hour at

the mine office. He tore into the motor, but it was an hour before it fired and Gregson headed toward open water. By this time, since the police hadn't arrived, he assumed the bricks had passed inspection in the mine office and were locked in the safe for the weekend, when they'd be taken out for shipment to Ottawa.

So Gregson changed his plan. He went to the new town of Yellowknife, phoned a cab driver to bring him a case of beer, and held court with several of his friends until the beer was finished. Then he took a cab to the dock, chartered a plane, and

flew to the end of the highway at Hay River, an hour and ten minutes by air. Gregson checked into the hotel and went to bed, a tough day's work behind him.

The town of Hay River is on the south shore of Great Slave Lake at the north end of the Mackenzie Highway. At noon on Sunday, Gregson bought a ticket to Edmonton and caught the bus to the south. Three hundred and eighty miles along the way, at Peace River, he left the bus and caught one going west to Prince George. Next he took the train to Prince Rupert, registered under his own name and stayed there four days until he could catch a steamer to Vancouver. Anthony Hart Gregson boarded the ship. Anthony Johnson got off.

Anthony Johnson registered in a Cordova Street hotel and claimed his first dividend. He bought a narrow-bladed hacksaw and, with radio blaring and the water running in the bathtub to kill the sound, he sawed off a chunk of gold. He sold it to a Chinese jeweller for a thousand dollars. The gold sawdust he brushed into an aspirin bottle to save for a day when he didn't have two gold bars.

This is what happened, meanwhile, in Yellowknife. On Monday the office clerk in the transport office took the bricks out of the safe for shipment to Ottawa. The numbers on the canvas bags were 196 and 197. But he seemed to remember that the numbers of the documents recorded 195 and 196; he checked, found he was right, and got R. J. Kilgour, manager of the mine, on the radiophone. He told Kilgour they'd made a mistake in the numbers.

Kilgour checked the numbers in his office. "The correct numbers are 195 and 196," he said. "Weigh the bricks."

The clerk came back to the phone. "They weigh 48.2 and 43.2 pounds," he said.

"They should weigh 72 and 52. Something's fishy," said Kilgour.

The mine's consulting engineer at Yellowknife, N. W. Byrne, and Corporal Bill Campbell of the RCMP dashed over to the office. Campbell's first move was to see the men who had been on the plane. He had no trouble finding all of them except Gregson, and he soon found that Gregson had chartered a plane to Hay River on Saturday night. Campbell finally traced Gregson to the bus at Hay River, but no one had noticed him leave at Peace River. The search centred on Edmonton.

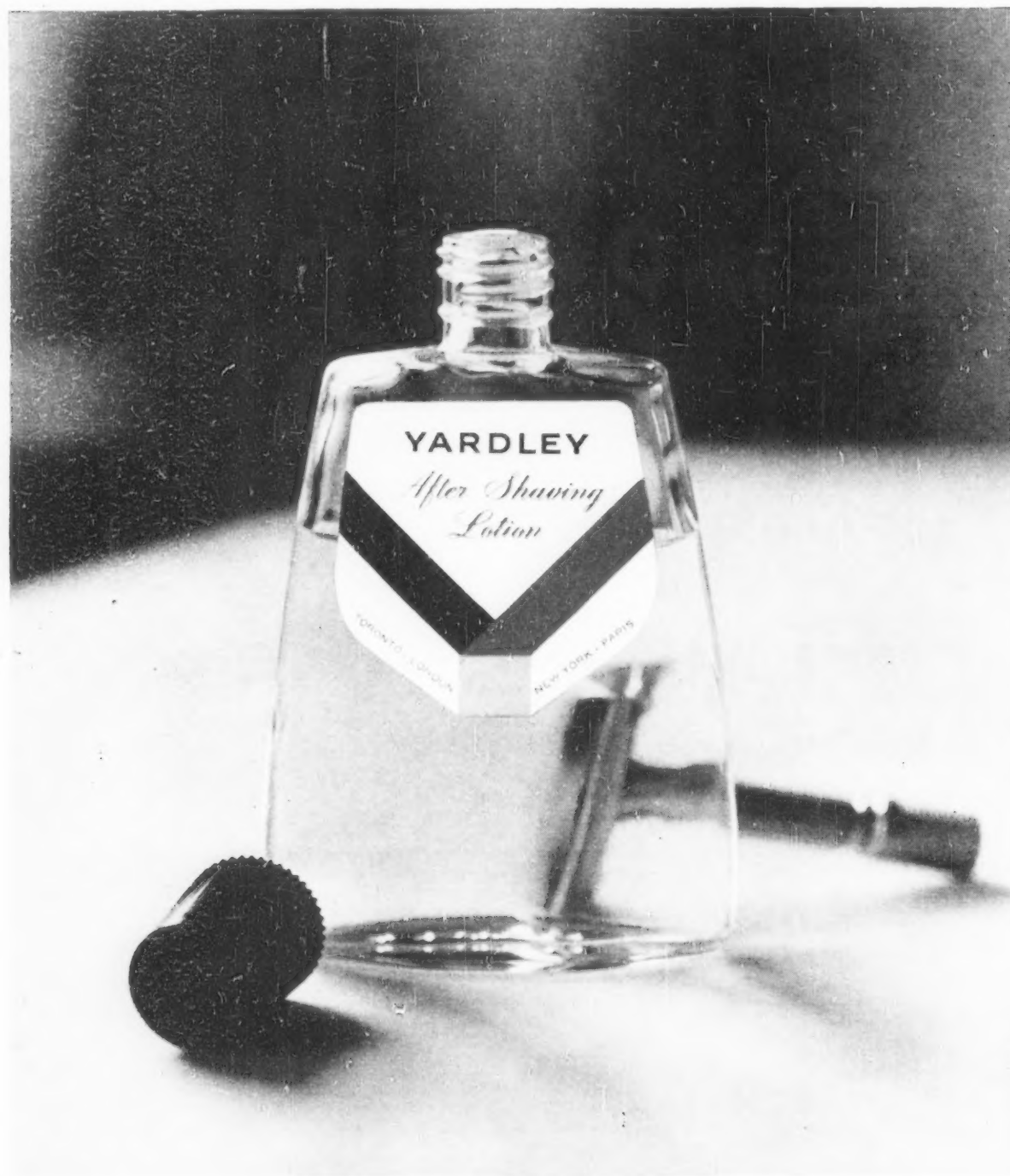
Then another complication arose. Gregson had drafted a letter in Yellowknife to the mine manager, Kilgour, in which, in a puckish mood, he instructed him to give any pay owing him to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He addressed an envelope to Kilgour, stamped it and slipped it inside another envelope, which he mailed to a friend in the interior of British Columbia with instructions to mail the letter to Kilgour. When it arrived five days after the theft it created the impression that Gregson was in the B. C. interior.

By the time the police had switched their search to the coast, Gregson—hair cut, shaved, with a new suit and luggage and looking like any other prosperous businessman—was on the transcontinental train heading for Halifax. It was July 12, 1954.

"What was I thinking about? You know, I was thinking about the time we'd made camp on the shores of the Mackenzie River about a year before. I'd had a couple of belts of whisky and I'd told the prospectors with me that I was going to make one big steal and get clean away. Well, here I had a stack of gold on the seat beside me and I had no reason to think the back trail wasn't very, very

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cold. I was thinking of what those prospectors would say when they heard it, because no one took me seriously."

When, five days later, the train pulled into Halifax the RCMP had no idea where Gregson was and Consolidated Discovery Yellowknife Mines had no idea where 124 pounds of bullion had gone.

A few days later Gregson left the Lord Nelson, shifted a couple of bays down the Nova Scotia coast to Chester, and took rooms in the Hackmatack Inn. He decided to go into fishing and went to Lunenburg looking for a boat. In Glace Bay, on Cape Breton Island, he found a Newfoundland schooner-rigged jack-boat, complete with sail and auxiliary motor. It was seventeen tons gross, fifty feet long. The owner refused to take gold in payment, but Gregson managed to peddle ten pounds in Sydney for 3,400 U.S. dollars. He paid \$1,800 for the boat, hired a crew, and ran it the three hundred miles around the coast to Chester. When he docked he paid off the crew and bought them one-way tickets on the bus. He went to his room at the Hackmatack and settled down with a book.

"I'll never forget that evening. I was just getting ready to turn in when the landlady said there were a couple of men to see me, and two RCMP constables came into my room. The gold was lying in my bag in the bottom of the clothes closet, and I figured it was all up. But all they wanted was to get some information on one of the men that had come down the coast with me. He'd broken into a drugstore and stolen an electric razor. They got the information they wanted and left, and I guess they don't know until this day that they were within a couple of feet of Gregson's gold." He carried the gold down to his boat and buried it in the ballast.

Gregson didn't make any money fishing, but this wasn't known in Chester. He was fishing for swordfish and would go out with several cases of rum. Between parties the crew would catch some fish. He sold his catch in Halifax, and thus avoided any comment on the fact that his expenditures exceeded his income.

In the meantime the police were looking for him everywhere. "I worked on the Gregson case," recalls a veteran member of the RCMP, "I don't mind admitting that it was one of the most frustrating I've ever tackled. Once Gregson got out of the north there was nothing you could trace him by."

"There's a routine in tracking down a wanted man," he continued. "You check his friends and relatives and sooner or later a letter arrives or he shows. Gregson had just come to the country and most of his friends were in the bush. During the whole period he didn't get in touch with his few good friends."

"You watch for any man living beyond his apparent resources, but Gregson did his high living, as we found out later, in Los Angeles, New Orleans, Florida, Cuba or the British West Indies. He'd drink quite a bit—he was picked up for drunken driving as Anthony Johnson and fined fifty dollars by the Ontario police—but he didn't do enough to look unreasonably rich. He bought a six-year-old Ford—instead of a Cadillac, which he could well have afforded. And he was a loner. He didn't confide in anyone and he didn't run off at the mouth. He didn't have any regular women. And he split with his former life. In place of being a prospector and mucker he became a fisherman."

"If you want to see a man who made a real success of blending with his background you look at Tony Gregson."

The policeman was wrong on a couple of counts.

In the first place, Gregson did have a wench in Halifax, and another in Chester. In the second, he did see one of his old Yellowknife friends. It happened in the fall of 1954, when Gregson put up his boat and concentrated on converting some of his gold to cash.

"I took the train to Vancouver and went to one of my old stamping grounds, the bar in the Georgia Hotel. I was drinking hot rum in a kind of skull glass—a specialty of the bar—and looked across and there was one of my closest Yellowknife friends drinking the same thing. It

was good to see him. I had a big chunk of gold with me at the time and he helped me get into the States."

Once across the border Gregson caught a bus for Los Angeles, where he sold three pounds of gold in a hockshop. In New Orleans he had the gold assayed—"it proved to be real good gold"—and then went on to Key West for a week's holiday. At the end of the week he crossed to Havana and began looking for a market.

He found it but didn't trust his customers, so he cut the brick he had brought

with him into slabs and hung them on shoulder straps under his clothes.

"I was afraid I'd get knocked off if I took the whole chunk. I sold it in \$1,200 bites until I'd sold all I had and got about \$35,000."

Word spread that Gregson was peddling gold and the Havana police picked him up. "I gave the inspector in charge \$1,000 and after five hours' questioning they let me go," Gregson claims.

The police suggested he leave Cuba and he took the advice. He crossed to Key West and took a bus north. Soon he



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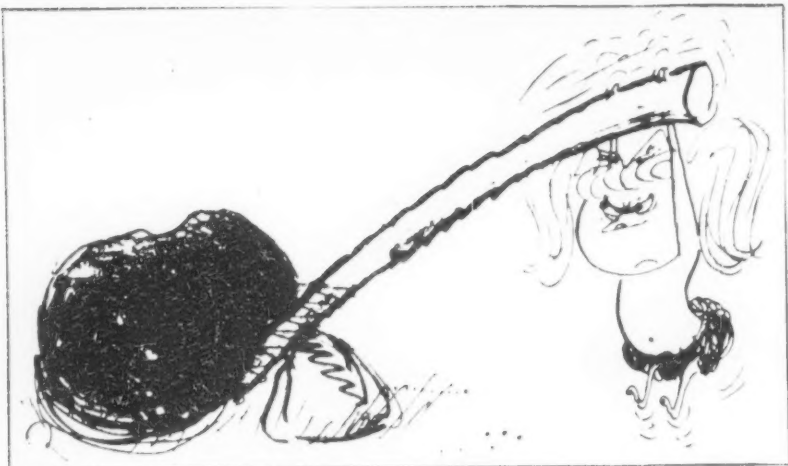
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See page 60

was back at the Hackmatack Inn at Chester. Early in 1955 Gregson hired a crew and went into the bush to cut pulpwood. He took the remaining gold brick out of the hold of his boat and buried it in the woods. When he set out for a summer's fishing he left the gold buried in the woods. In the fall he sold his boat in Portland, Maine, and flew to Nassau for a three-week vacation at the Windsor Hotel.

In Nassau, Gregson sat on the wrong side of the table in a crap game and, according to his story, "lost my bundle." He used the return half of his ticket to get back to Miami and went by pulp boat to Corner Brook, Newfoundland, where he took a job with the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company and saved enough money to indulge his first love and make his first serious mistake: he went back to the mines.

The International Nickel Company hired him in Levack, Ontario, and he worked there for six months, and then shifted to Blind River. He bought a car during the year; in addition, he saved \$2,200.

All this time his gold was lying in the woods near Chester. Early in 1957 he went to Chester, retrieved the gold, and took a bus to Miami. Living it up in Florida and the Caribbean, Gregson finally got down to the last of his gold, which he sold in Cuba for \$15,000. He took another week's holiday in Cuba, and one last week in Florida, and came back to Canada.

"That was an expensive week," Gregson told me. "I spent it at the Hialeah track and lost all my money."

"You seem to be going out of your way to underline that you lost the money as soon as you sold the gold. Did you?"

"I did," said Gregson. "All of it."

"You've none of it left now?"

"None."

Gregson's weakness was a preference for the mines. He drifted back to Blind River, Ontario, and there he heard that the RCMP had been enquiring for a Tony Gregson. The police arrived twenty-four hours after he had gone.

By this time the RCMP had promoted Gregson to the list of ten most-wanted criminals. His picture had been in newspapers and periodicals. Tips flowed in and the police faithfully traced them down.

Once they thought they had him. A mucker in an Ontario mine, almost a double for Gregson, was picked up; he was released only when his fingerprints didn't check. Finally the police tracked Gregson to the Hackmatack Inn. They arrived on February 26, 1957. Gregson had left on February 13. He had gone to Montreal and slipped unnoticed into the hold of a ship bound for Australia. He wanted to be sure the ship was well clear of the St. Lawrence before he was found, and he did without food and water for four days. Then he pounded on the hatch until the bosun let him out. When the police arrived at the Hackmatack Inn, Gregson was on the high seas.

The shipmaster tried to put him off at Curaçao in the Dutch West Indies and again at Panama, but the local authorities would not let him disembark. At Brisbane, Australia, Gregson jumped ship. The dock was quickly cordoned off and, after twenty minutes of freedom, he was captured. He spent three days in jail while the ship unloaded cargo and then he was put on board to travel to Sydney. Here he spent fourteen days in jail while his fingerprints were run through the records of the ICAP—the international police organization of which Canada and Australia are both members. On the tenth

day the police asked him if he was Tony Gregson, wanted in Yellowknife.

"I admitted it right away. You might as well be sporting about it when you've lost. But, you know, the only reason they had my prints was because I got drunk in Yellowknife and started shooting out the lights with a .22 and another time pinched a truck."

The final identification was made in Australia on June 14, 1957, just a few days short of three years from the time Gregson had hoisted the gold bricks.

He was met at Father Point, Quebec, on August 14 by Corporal Bill Campbell of the Hay River detachment of the RCMP and taken back to Yellowknife.

"We had a kind of funny conversation when I met Bill Campbell at Father Point. He said 'Hi, Tony. It's good to see you.' I said 'It's good to see you,' although it really wasn't. Then Bill said 'You've given us a long chase and a lot of trouble' and I said 'Give me the bit about The Mounties Always Get Their Man, Bill' and he said 'In the comic books they always do. Little tougher on the beat'. It was as though we'd been playing a game. Decent sort, Bill."

The trial was set for August 19 in Yellowknife, and even here Gregson, in one sense, did a salvage job. Terry Nugent, a lawyer from Edmonton and now a member of parliament, was sent north as

PARADE

Poor fish

Parade scouts all over the Maritimes have rushed to give us the news headlined in the Saint John Telegraph-Journal: "Says morality rate among Atlantic salmon can be eliminated." It was news to us that it had ever been a problem.

prosecutor. He quickly detected a sneaking admiration for Gregson and his escapades among many of the Yellowknife residents from whom a jury would have to be picked. In addition the witnesses were scattered from Vancouver to Halifax. It would be difficult and costly to bring them to Yellowknife. He decided to try for a guilty plea.

Nugent met Gregson and his lawyer and indicated some of the evidence he would bring forward. He warned Gregson that he could get a ten-year sentence but predicted that with a guilty plea it would be only four or five years.

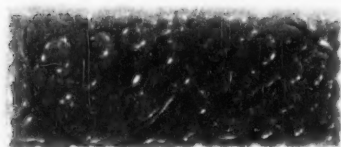
"I indicated more confidence in our ability to convict than I really felt. I was worried about a jury trial," said Nugent.

Gregson had calculated the odds when he took the gold and he calculated them again when his case came before J. H. Sissons, judge of the Territorial Court. Anthony Hart Gregson, alias Anthony Johnson, pleaded guilty to hoisting a couple of gold bricks that did not belong to him. The prosecution urged leniency.

Mr. Justice Sissons sentenced Gregson to thirty months in prison. He was sent to the penitentiary in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, where he was a model prisoner until the early days of 1960, when he was released.

No prosecutions were brought against those who bought the gold. Most were beyond the jurisdiction of the Canadian authorities and it was impossible to get evidence against even those in Canada. It was accepted that all the money Gregson had raised from the gold was gone. If there was anything left at all, it was a little added color on what had always struck Tony Gregson as an unnecessarily drab scene. ★

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U.S.A., Red Tourmaline

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A trampoline can teach a child to read

Continued from page 26

Letters like M and S mean much more to a child when they mark off stations of a model railway

shaky co-ordination between eye and hand. I asked him how on earth he managed to keep goal. "Listen," he said, "if this is just between you and me I'll tell you. I can't see the puck for beans. But I can see the fellow who's got the puck. So I keep scanning the ice all the time and watch for him, and he shows me when he shoots. I'm a big fellow and I keep most of them out. Well, I let a few in. It's not the NHL."

Rabinovitch put the guessing goalie to work on eye-hand co-ordination and some target practice. His work picked up and he passed his exams. He was still a good goaltender.

That summer the hospital dispatched Rabinovitch to the summer camp run by Newell Kephart in Colorado. Not long after that, plans were made for the Learning Clinic in Montreal. The School Board sent two of its top reading teachers to the clinic and there are, besides Rabinovitch, two psychologists, a speech therapist, a psychiatrist, an eye technician and a full-time reading instructor.

Every afternoon Rabinovitch rolls in to the clinic like a knowing cherub puffing a pipe, full of surprises. The children never know what to expect. There is a fearless eight-year-old who likes to show off on the trampoline. Eyes shining and school tie flying round his ears, he will try any kind of acrobatic jump, "the only kid to fly right off the trampoline," says his teacher. But Rabinovitch does not praise his high-flying performance, tries instead to give him some control. The boy can't take small jumps from the edge of the springy canvas back to the centre, has trouble with the commands "jump left, now right, right again" and so on. He gets lost when facing away from the doctor.

The trampoline is the most oblique of all reading aids and the one people joke about most. Rabinovitch says, in defense: "It makes a child think of his balance, and it's good for rhythm. Without rhythm he can't hear word cadence, and isn't aware of the spatial layout of a printed page." Physical education, music lessons, ballet class, all these fit into most children's growth, Rabinovitch says. But some children need more than the usual share.

The lively eight-year-old has been given IQ tests, both verbal and performance. In the first he is far above average, in the second somewhat below. At school he is failing reading for the second year in a row, and is threatened with losing his year. He is bright, attractive, quick to pick up ideas and act on them, but far behind children his own age in learning to read. Now, when he's not on the trampoline, he's learning the alphabet in new ways. M and S mean more when they mark off the stations of a model railway. But even there they can be frustrating. This youngster has trouble bringing the little engine to a stop where he wants to, and is apt to career engine and cars right off the tracks.

At the blackboard he practises triangles, squares, rectangles, the shapes that contain the elements of letters and that must be firmly learned before let-

ters can mean anything. He's slowly mastering left and right. "It takes a sure knowledge of left and right to read," says Rabinovitch. "If a child gets muddled here he will see little difference between 'saw' and 'was' or 'no' and 'on.' It doesn't matter which hand he uses as long as he feels sure of it and doesn't switch from one to the other."

A child with a different problem is a timid eleven-year-old. He was failing Grade 5 for the second time when his teacher suggested remedial reading at the clinic. He had come to dread reading so much he could hardly read out loud, although he has a good IQ. But tests showed he has poor perceptual motor co-ordination, which makes him eligible for work on the trampoline. He spends two hours a week at the clinic, the first hour in straight remedial coaching, then practice with a target game

PARADE

Fairly easy money

"Can you please change a \$10 bill?" asked the neighbor's little girl at a door in London, Ont. The housewife found she could and handed over the small bills. "Thank you very much," said the child gravely. "Mother will send me over with the \$10 bill tomorrow."

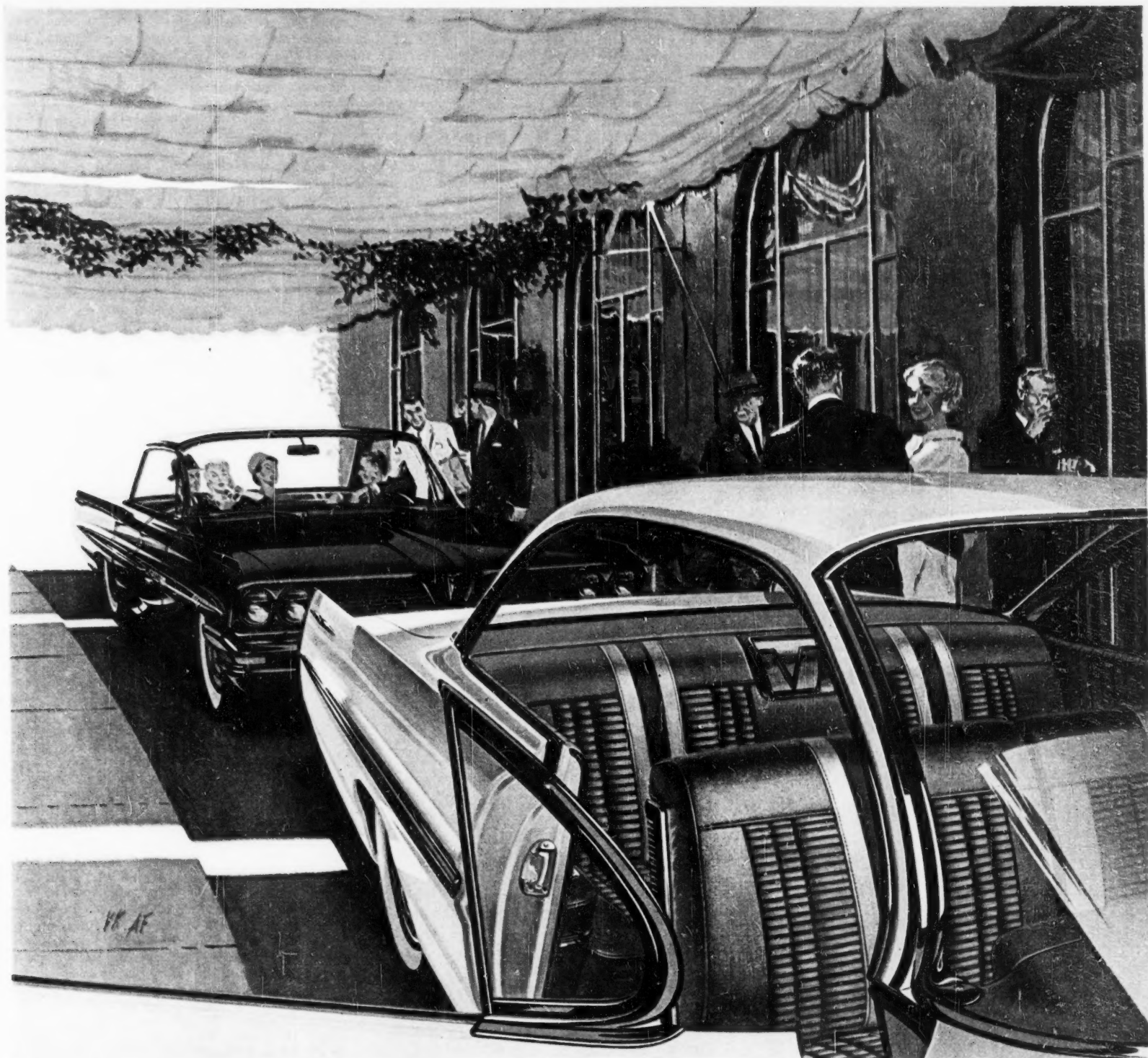
like bowling or darts, then back for more reading. His teacher is the one who was skeptical when the clinic got its colorful equipment. But now she says:

"I remember when this boy started coming for reading. He was very shy about everything. He tried the trampoline and didn't get any fun out of it the way most kids do. But gradually he began to seem more sure of himself. One day he sat across the table from me to study a page he had to read. He has grey eyes and enormous glasses. Suddenly he surprised me by saying: 'Can I read now?' It was the first time he'd got up his courage to ask."

Part of the boy's trouble is that he can't hear the rise and fall in a sentence and will give as much stress to "the" as the word it qualifies. Endless patience on his teacher's part and a growing confidence on his are helping.

"We don't always succeed, of course," says Rabinovitch. "I have a boy now, twelve, of average intelligence, who has done badly in school for three straight years. He has had good remedial reading. Perceptual motor training has not helped him. We haven't been able to find the trouble."

It is too early to tell what percentage of reading disabilities is due to perceptual co-ordination deficiency, Rabinovitch says. He sees more than a hundred children a year with this difficulty. But a lot of work has been done on reading problems generally. In Toronto, the Board of Education has been running Reading Clinics for a number of years. In Winnipeg, a Child Guidance Clinic under the School Board deals with a wide range of problems.



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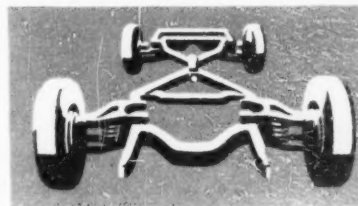
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Halfway through the Montreal experiment's trial run there are indications of success, and a few failures. Of the children "discharged," reports indicate that they have managed to maintain their gains. Of the children still coming for training, parents say "Jimmy doesn't feel sick any more when it's time to go to school," or "We were out driving and Susan read a sign." Report cards show improvement in reading and general attention. School principals with pupils at the clinic are wary of appraising it until the first year is over. Rabinovitch says:

"There are a few children we wish were doing better, but on the whole the school report cards reflect about the improvement we had hoped to get."

The original aspect of Sam Rabinovitch's work is the use he is making of recognized perceptual motor aids for children in a classroom environment. Elsewhere, the severely handicapped — physically, mentally and emotionally — have been given more attention than children who are normal except for a reading handicap. Optometrists have concentrated on exercises to strengthen eye

muscles exclusively; at the Learning Clinic, children work on co-ordination for their entire bodies, and this is related to their everyday school learning.

Some of the children at the clinic are of pre-school age. A six-year-old started to come when it was obvious to his parents and his kindergarten teacher that he was stuck. He wouldn't try anything at school, couldn't use his hands, had shaky co-ordination. The first few times he got on the trampoline, says Rabinovitch, it was sprinkled with his tears. He was too scared to jump. By Christmas

he was jumping sturdily, banging cymbals as he jumped, and shouting, "I'm going to be a harpsichordist."

That day, Rabinovitch placed stepping-stones of red and black tiles down the corridor. The boy had a red string round his right leg, a black one round the left. Matching the colors, he stepped deliberately down the tiles in stocking feet, calling out left and right as he went. He didn't hurry, but he didn't make any mistakes. With lessons like these, he has a good chance of learning to read by the time he gets to school.

Sometimes the parents are more concerned about the children than the youngsters are themselves. One little girl, aged seven, doesn't co-ordinate very well but doesn't care much. An intelligence test showed her to be bright and able to read, but an eye operation had left her eye muscles weak; when puzzles got too hard she gave them up. She was put at the chalkboard and told to make a square. She made several irregular rectangles and a sketchy diamond, and then went off to the corner of the board muttering, "I can make a true star."

"Nursery schools could do a lot about teaching these children," says Rabinovitch. "But many don't. Either they are too strict and want to turn out Little Lord Fauntleroy or else they go the other way and are too permissive and don't teach them anything."

Much is demanded of children today, he says, and they're given little opportunity for learning. Apartments are small and have to be kept tidy. Things around the house are electric, dangerous and expensive to fix. There are fewer vacant lots at the end of the street than there were a generation ago, and there's less chance to explore. A child needs freedom of movement or he won't learn control later. Art teachers know this and in recent years have got their best results when they let children explore to the edge of big sheets of paper instead of staying tidily in the centre.

If a child is deprived of chances to learn, this may cause perceptual motor deficiency. Injury can cause co-ordination to break down. Still other causes are as mysterious as the brain process. "No one knows enough about behavior to do a complete revamping job," Rabinovitch says. "All you can do is try to help."

Reading has been the clinic's main target so far, but the physician-in-chief of the hospital, Dr. Alan Ross, stresses the "learning" aspect of the clinic's title because he feels reading has been overstressed. Two twelve-year-olds attending the clinic are both good readers. One is moderately good, the other is prodigious. ("Like to hear about the *Memoirs of J. M. Dent*, my second-to-last book?") They are both bright and run a patter of wisecracks at the clinic and, apparently, at school, aimed at distracting teachers from the handicap both share, which is extremely bad writing. Rabinovitch found that both had poor motor co-ordination, with special weakness in their arms and fingers. They have a hard time at school because they can't do a lot of things — can't throw a ball, get left out of games. At the clinic they stick together; in fact each has made the only friend he's ever had.

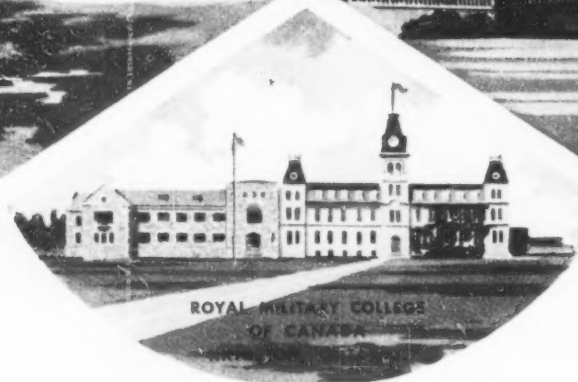
Rabinovitch gives them work on balance, exercises to improve their eye-hand co-ordination, and practice on a typewriter. He hopes to learn something about writing handicaps from working with these two. With this new field under study, some of the students are calling their course Reading, Writing and Rabinovitch. Without the third R, they didn't stand much of a chance with the other two. ★

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The sea diary of a gay dog

Continued from page 25

she got up to dance. The Shah of Iran, Rosalind Russell, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Alan Ladd, Ginger Rogers and Van Johnson were regulars, but it was the non-celebrities that could be the most surprising. There's something about a sea voyage that brings out the best (and worst) in people.

I've seen staid businessmen change into rampaging Casanovas at the lift of a gangway. Even stolid matrons from the midwest entered into the spirit of things, sometimes too much so: there was the time one of them appeared at a fancy-dress ball clad in little more than a life-jacket and called herself Shipwreck. After this incident we started censoring costumes.

Respectable housewives are not immune; many allow themselves to get involved in questionable romances with other women's husbands. Indeed, Professor Parkinson might well be able to develop a law applicable to sea travel. "The length of time a married woman will remain faithful on board ship is in inverse ratio to the length and passion of her farewell to her husband." But if there was a lot of merrymaking during the week, there were also a lot of repentants on Sunday morning.

Religion came under the heading of entertainment, and caused me quite a few problems. We had fifteen to twenty different Sunday services, and I was always wondering if the Mormons would be finished in time to let the Christian Scientists in. There was one official service. This was usually conducted by the commodore and was intended for the crew (although it was mostly passengers who attended), but I was sometimes asked to conduct this service. It happened to be my turn on the voyage when we were carrying 15 Church of England bishops back from a convention in the States.

I had got as far as saying "We will commence our service with hymn number 175" when I noticed that all fifteen bishops were sitting in the front row. I felt like a plumber performing an operation before a group of surgeons.

The bishops and their wives joined me for cocktails later that day, and I was relieved when the Bishop of Exeter told me that "we put on two shows an evening in the cathedral."

Before leaving the subject of religion I'd like to destroy a myth. The captain of a British ship has no authority to perform a wedding at sea. This might have been true a hundred years ago when the voyages were longer and marriage could become a matter of urgent necessity, but it is certainly not true today. It may tide a girl over for a few days, but it's not legal.

Then, too, you often read about babies being born in taxis, trains or aircraft, but seldom at sea. The shipping lines refuse to carry "ladies in an advanced stage of pregnancy." This rule is strictly enforced because, although the medical problems are slight, the nationality problems are tremendous. If, for instance, the American wife of a Spanish diplomat were to have a baby on board a British ship tied up in a French port, the poor little fellow would be a United Nations in miniature.

Although we rarely had a birth on board, we experienced about the same death rate as any town of 3,500. We could expect about one natural death on

every round voyage, and a high but less easily predictable number of suicides, usually by jumping overboard. Fortunately, most of our passengers preferred to do their swimming in the two pools. Even this can be difficult in rough weather: it's embarrassing to dive in and find most of the water has moved to the other end.

I remember one man — he was about sixty — who spent a lot of time looking at the swimmers from the gallery. He was always impeccably dressed in a black jacket, striped trousers, wing collar and spats — he also carried a rolled um-

brella. On the final day of the voyage, he carefully opened his umbrella, stepped to the edge of the pool, and jumped in — spats and all.

On one occasion, when we were in the middle of embarkation at Southampton, a tall, well-built blonde walked into my office. She asked if she could have a cabin to herself as it was embarrassing having to share one with two other women. When she told me her name I realized just how embarrassing it was. The other two occupants were due for a surprise when they found out that their cabin

mate needed to shave in the mornings. Although it was a busy sailing, Miss Jorgensen was installed in solitary state in a remarkably short time.

Christine attracted a great deal of curiosity during her stay on board. She obviously enjoyed the attention and went out of her way to seek it by attending all the dances (she never lacked for partners) and even taking a daily swim. There was always a full house when she took the plunge.

Every time the ship sails from New York or Southampton, the chief master-



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at-arms (who is head of the twelve-man police force) searches all lifeboats and other likely hiding places for stowaways. Very few are detected so early in the voyage, and this is not surprising when you consider the number of hiding places.

John Morris, for instance, spent the entire trip hiding behind the movie screen in the first-class theatre. This must have been a cramped voyage, there being about three feet of space between the screen and bulkhead. In addition, he had to suffer through four performances of the same movie each day. John had a successful crossing but he made the mistake of jumping overboard just before we docked in Southampton. Even this he did unobserved — a remarkable feat, considering the number of people on deck.

He was walking up the main street in Southampton when a policeman noticed he was drenched to the skin. This might have gone unnoticed — the English climate being what it is — but we had recently experienced a rare spell of dry weather. John's great adventure came to an end.

John made the voyage the hard way, but another uninvited guest, Victor Collins, enjoyed himself for almost an entire voyage. He played deck tennis, shuffleboard, swam in the pool and generally made full use of the first-class facilities. Eating was no problem; there was always free food available. He could get bouillon in the mornings, light refreshments in the cocktail bars (the Queen Elizabeth has fourteen) and afternoon tea in the lounges.

In the evenings, Victor would change into a dinner jacket and wander up to the Starlight Roof, when he'd order his supper (admittedly late, but superbly cooked) and dance until dawn. Then he'd change to more informal attire and spend the morning sleeping in a deckchair.

His audacity almost carried him across the Atlantic, but early one morning an eagle-eyed master-at-arms noticed him go into the baggage room on A deck clad in a dinner jacket, and emerge wearing a sports shirt. The party was over for Victor and we returned him to New York after a 30-day stay in one of Britain's historic buildings — Winchester Jail.

In case you wonder how Victor got his clothes on board, it's not difficult. Just address your baggage to Pier 90, New York; I have never yet known the ship to sail and leave any baggage on the pier. The trick is to find it once it's on board.

We rarely found any female stowaways, but there was one woman who spent most of the voyage in hiding, even though she had paid for her passage.

It was a Christmas voyage and we had just sailed from New York when my telephone rang. It was the cabin-class purser asking me to come and speak to one of his passengers.

The passenger was a lady, even more, she was a princess: Russian and very beautiful. I remembered seeing her bidding a touching farewell to a man in New York. At the time I assumed he was traveling with us and she was just a visitor. This was a safe assumption to make, because most of the beautiful girls seen wandering around a ship during embarkation vanish down a gangway before sailing time.

It turned out that the friend also thought that the princess had stayed in New York; he could never have guessed she had gone down one gangway and up another, having purchased a ticket for herself in cabin class the day before. This was to be her Christmas present for the man who had everything. She intended to remain in hiding until Christmas Eve and then appear at his table in the first-class restaurant.

Why a whole wall of Scallop Shells?

Facade of the "Palace of the Shells" Salamanca, Spain ▶

● The sixteenth century architect was not just following a whim. His patron, a Spanish grandee, wanted his palace in Salamanca to remind the world that he was descended from one of the pilgrims who had crossed the Pyrenees to the shrine of St. James. Each pilgrim had worn a scallop shell badge on his hat as the symbol of his quest.

The quest . . . the pilgrimage . . . seafaring—all have been symbolized by the shell since earliest times.

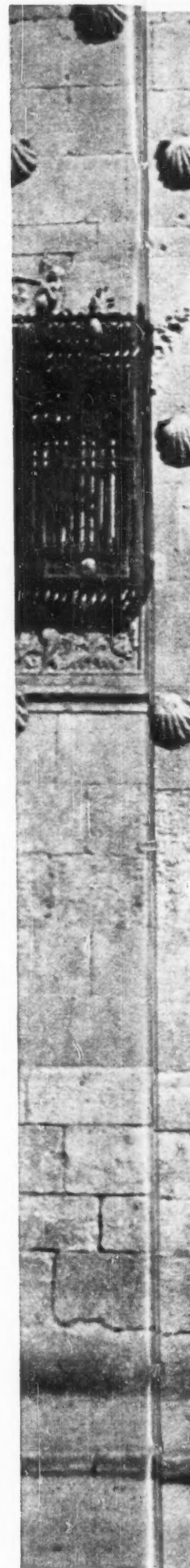
Today this ancient symbol supplies both the name and the trademark of one of Canada's most enterprising companies—Shell Oil Company of Canada, Limited.

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My part in the enterprise was to arrange her transfer to first class in the middle of the night. A simple arrangement, except that she had no money to pay for the transfer. I was reluctant to stand in the path of true love and agreed to the move, providing the account was paid by the end of the voyage.

Things might have gone better if she hadn't been so successful in concealing herself. On Christmas Eve the princess made a grand entry, only to find her friend had acquired a traveling companion. We will draw a veil over the ensuing scene and just report that everything ended happily — it must have, because I collected the money the following morning.

Now I am ashore, one thing I miss is the element of surprise — the unexpected and oddball incident that would come out of the blue. Like the time a passenger came up to me carrying a large parcel, and asked if he could leave it in safe-keeping.

"I'm sorry, but we haven't a deposit box large enough to take it," I said. "Can't you leave it in your cabin?"

"Well," he replied, "I suppose I could, but it's the Magna Carta, you know, and I'd hate to lose it."

It ended with my keeping it in my

PARADE

Two times x : Alex

Good family news can't wait; so when a Toronto lad brought home word of a scholastic prize, mom wired dad, who was on a business trip to New York: CONGRATULATIONS FATHER OF ALEX WHO HAS JUST WON MATHEMATICS SCHOLARSHIP — MOTHER OF ALEX. Within hours came father's reply: DEAR MOTHER OF ALEX AREN'T YOU GLAD WE COULD MULTIPLY.

cabin and having great fun asking people to guess what it contained.

In contrast to this casual handling of the priceless document by its British owners was its reception in New York. This occasion is on record as one of the highlights in the history of Brink's, the armored-car company. In the book *Brink's: The Money Movers* there is a picture of two armed guards, transporting, as the caption says, "England's historic Magna Carta from the Cunard dock in New York to the Jamestown Festival where it was exhibited in April 1957."

Recently there have been reports of Cunard's plans to replace the Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary. No doubt the new ships will be superior in speed and comfort, but it will be a long time before they can claim the history of the present Queens.

The Queen Elizabeth was conceived during a depression and born into a war. She made her maiden voyage wearing a wartime coat of grey and arrived in New York unheralded and unexpected. This voyage was one of the best-kept secrets of the war — even her crew thought they were going away on trials. Together with her sister she transported vast numbers of troops to the far corners of the globe, and the only visible scars she bears are the initials carved by GIs in the rail on the boat deck.

Since then, people have met, fallen in love, and married as a result of sailing on board the Elizabeth. I know; it happened to me. When the time comes for her to return to her birthplace to be broken up, people all over the world will read the news with regret. I will be one of them. ★

Mount Vernon. Macomber ruled that houses like Alsop's were out. The edict, though arbitrary, has stuck through more than a decade, as Mrs. George Breed learned to her sorrow. She put in a double window to have more light in her hall and was compelled to have it removed, at a cost of seven hundred dollars. Others have run into this same ex-

pensive trouble. For a while the right of the committee to control signs and exterior decorating of a minor nature was disputed. This came to a head when a jovial service-station proprietor, whose establishment was being reconstructed, hoisted a jaunty brightly lit sign announcing, "We're all shook up but still doing business." Nothing since the Alsop house

had so stirred Georgetown. The law was amended and clarified, the attorney-general obtained a court ruling, the authority of the committee was confirmed, and Georgetown was rescued from vulgarity. The result is that when you explore Georgetown today — which tens of thousands are doing because of the publicity it had during the recent influx

of Kennedys — you have a feeling of traveling back into the past. Two stores that sell lighting fixtures, for instance, are stocked almost exclusively with carriage lamps and crystal chandeliers, and one actually offers a carriage lamp — a ghastly thing for a ghastly price — that will burn gas instead of electricity.

The sidewalks on at least half the streets are bumpy red brick, and any front steps being built these days must be of brick or carved stone or wrought iron — not drab cement. The street lights, too, have that familiar antique look, due to a battle hard fought and bravely won. When the District of Columbia administration tried to present Georgetown with modernistic new lamp standards, plus bright mercury-vapor bulbs, the residents closed ranks. Such new standards as had been installed were removed and the old-fashioned standards and dim bulbs were returned. And one of the Washington papers commented that Georgetown had "the best dimly lit streets in the colonies."

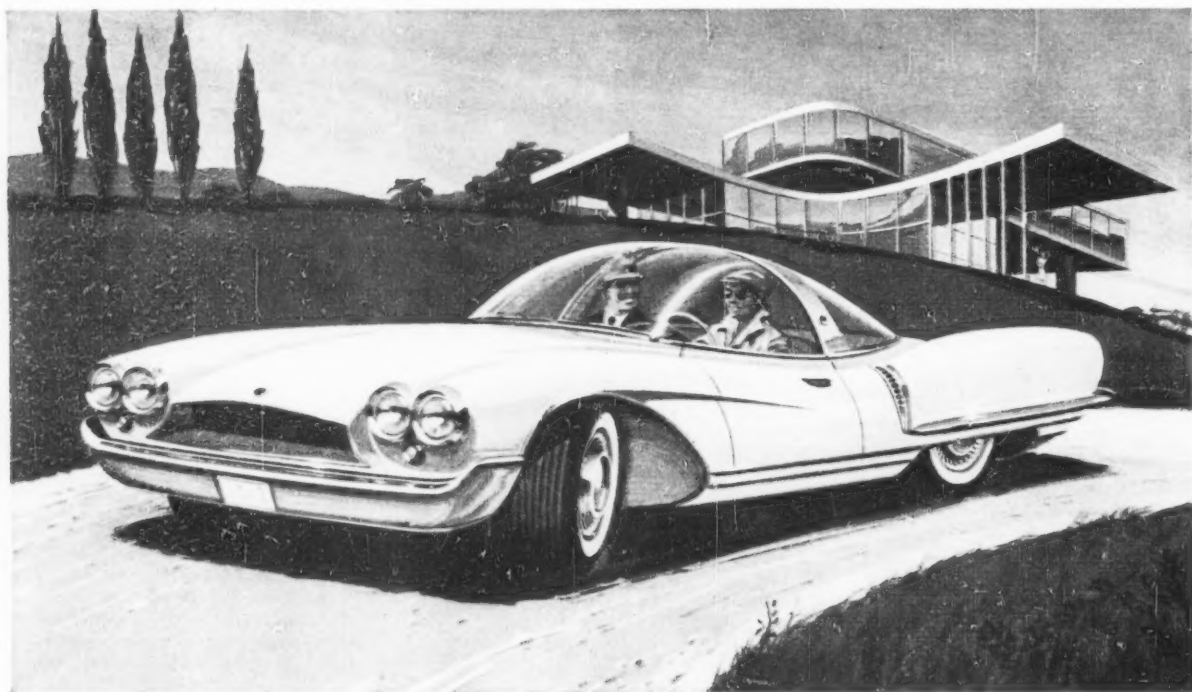
Georgetowners have also fought, but not yet completely won, a heroic fight against the kind of new buses that a less individualistic spot would be pleased to have. Those huge, shiny, comfortable air-conditioned buses aren't for Georgetown, where they shake and threaten to damage priceless and dignified houses that have survived from Washington and Jefferson's time.

Quite a few of the shiny, comfortable Rolls-Royces, Mercedes-Benzes and Daimlers encountered with regularity on Georgetown streets are parked, surprisingly enough, at the doors of houses no more than twelve or fifteen feet wide. And row houses, at that, set plumb against the sidewalk and sharing walls. Forty percent of them, in the early 1920s, were occupied by laboring people, mostly colored. One student of Georgetown lore recalls a taxi driver of thirty years ago who said he lived in Georgetown but was a bit ashamed to admit it. This is the address diplomats and politicians are now so eager for.

What happened? The whole story is that Georgetown had an aristocratic beginning. It was named for one of the early Georges of the Hanoverian line. George Washington stayed there when he was planning the capital that bears his name. So did Thomas Jefferson. Louis-Philippe was there before he was crowned King of the French, and Talleyrand was there, and the writer Washington Irving, and Robert Fulton of steamboat note; Edgar Allan Poe was there in his day, and Francis Scott Key, who wrote The Star-Spangled Banner, and John Howard Payne, who wrote Home Sweet Home.

Georgetown was the tobacco shipping port of the state of Maryland. Hogsheads of the leaf, with axles through them from one end to the other, were trundled in by oxen over the rough trails that gave us the phrase "tobacco road." Georgetown was wealthy. Georgetown was fashionable. Georgetown was gay. A Russian baron who represented his country in the U.S. before there were even gas lamps, let alone electricity, lit huge bonfires in the streets to guide people to a ball at his embassy. A mayor had a banquet of six hundred shore birds, plus turtles and an enormous assortment of fish from the Potomac.

The golden days lasted a long while but, by the middle of the last century, Georgetown was running down. Newspaper advertisements reflected the change. Those of Charles Fierier, who cut coats of arms and other devices on glass for Georgetown gentlemen, disappeared; so did those of shipping lines



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guaranteeing "genteel accommodation." Instead there was an ad by a "disconsolate husband" whose wife, about fifty ("lame in her right leg and snivels a bit"), had run off with an "ill-looking fellow." The disconsolate husband wanted her back, no questions asked. There were ads, too, for cheap lots "for laboring men and the poor." These were no more than a dozen feet wide, or less, and on them were constructed houses that now are air-conditioned, have two or three bathrooms, and occasionally have swimming pools in their miniature backyards.

These small houses eventually degenerated into slums but, standing like islands in the slums, there were the mansions still occupied by the old gentry. Leslie Ford, author of mystery novels and for years a Georgetown resident, summed up a couple of the mansion owners: "Her ancestors built hers, his ancestors built his, and they're just like the Chinese — they're stuck. They just can't get rid of their damned ancestors."

With a nucleus of socialites, Georgetown commenced its comeback after World War I. Dwight Davis, who was the Davis Cup Davis and a former sec-

blasting to remove a single coat of hideous red paint that a contractor recently applied by mistake to mellow century-and-a-half-old bricks. He was supposed to paint only the window frames.

Such an incident can rock most of Washington with laughter, for the preoccupation of Georgetowners with age and quaintness is not immune from ridicule. There are even those it annoys, like a real-estate man I consulted when I was seeking a house in Washington. I mentioned Georgetown.

"Georgetown!" he bellowed. "You'd

have to have holes in your head to live in Georgetown. Do you know that it defies all the established principles of the real-estate industry?" He followed this with a ten-minute résumé of Georgetown's sins and perversions. A house, he said, was worth more money in Georgetown if it didn't have a front lawn. Those arty Georgetown snobs thought that front lawns were a waste of space and they didn't want to be bothered mowing grass. "Imagine!" he snorted. And most of them would pay more for small backyards than large backyards. And they

liked floors that weren't level. And they preferred kitchens at the front, where the living rooms should be, and living rooms at the back, where the kitchens should be.

I didn't find a house in Georgetown, but I did find, from ardent Georgetowners, that their idiosyncrasies can make sense. They convinced me that a front lawn is, indeed, a waste of land and, since it has to be cut, a waste of energy. Why a small backyard? Well, you can care for it yourself and keep it looking nice. You can't handle a big backyard

PARADE

The woman always pays

The wife of a Vancouver operator of a do-it-yourself laundry kept complaining that just because they were in the business was no reason she should have to go way down to the shop to do the family wash. So her husband obligingly bought her a washer and dryer of her own. Hubby even keeps the key to the coin box.

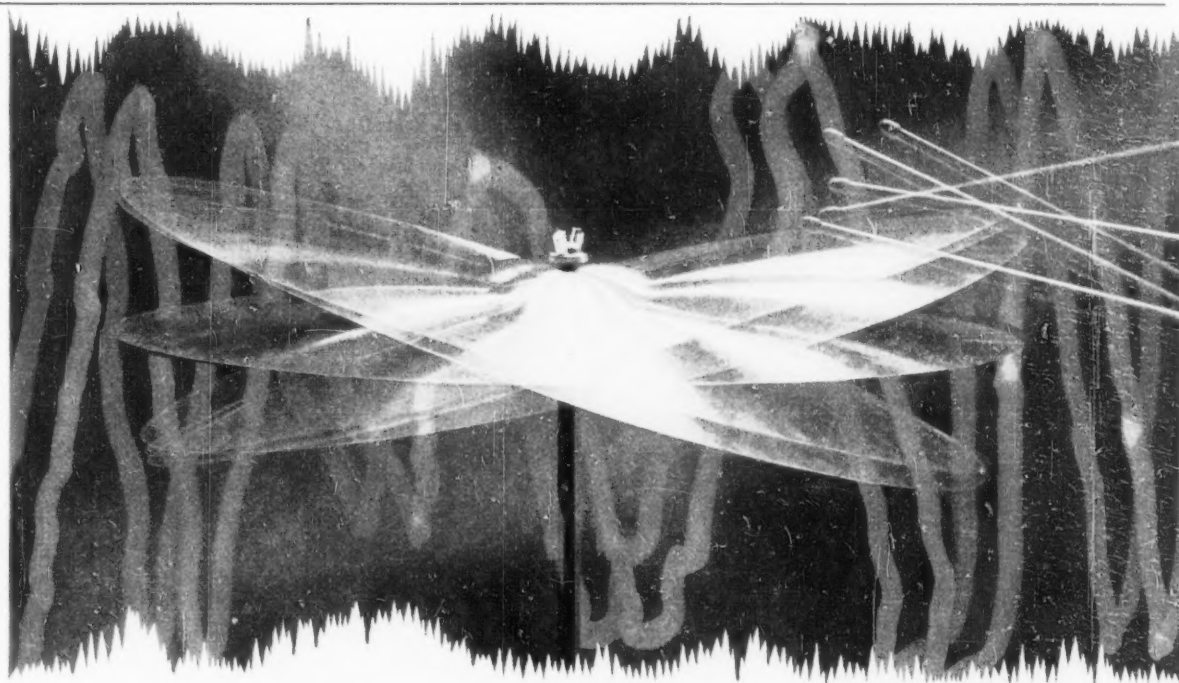
retary of war, moved in, and so did Newton D. Baker, also a secretary of war, and Warren Delano Robbins, later to be U.S. minister to Canada, and Robert Woods Bliss, another diplomat, who owned Dumbarton Oaks in Georgetown, scene of the 1944 conference.

These prominent people drew other prominent people to Georgetown, and as the 1920s progressed dozens of rim-racked and elderly mansions were restored. In this period Georgetown's population, which was and is about thirty thousand, was so mixed that socialites often found they had their own servants as nextdoor neighbors.

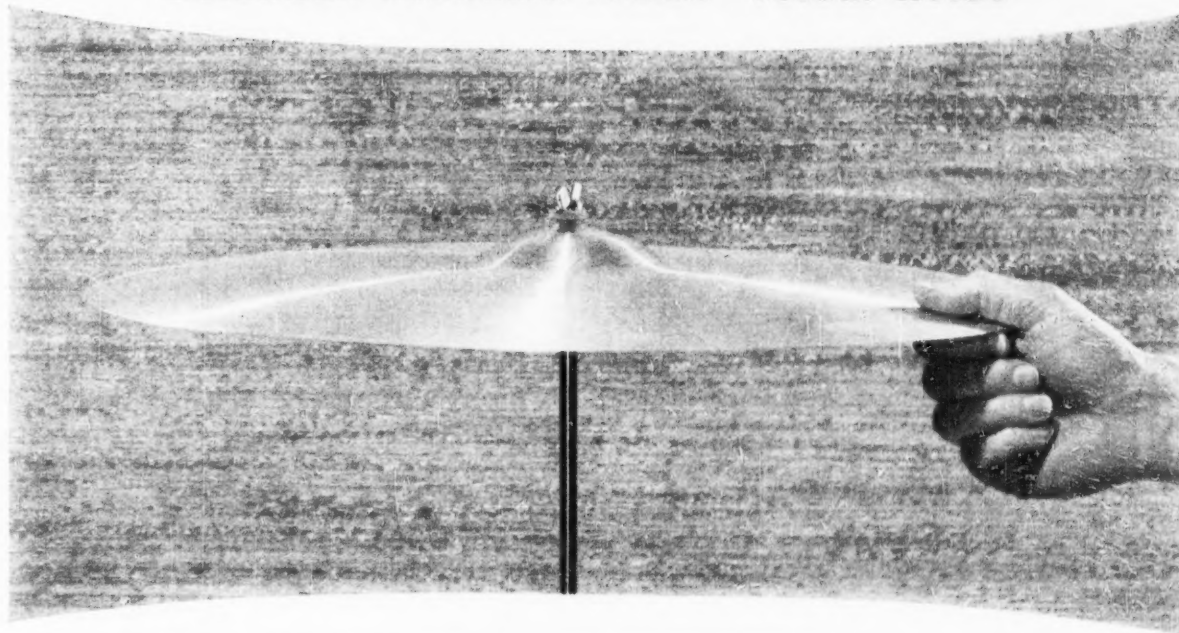
Then came the 1930s and Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal. Young intellectuals, determined to diagnose and treat national ailments, flocked to Washington to take government posts. Georgetown appealed to them. They installed themselves in the narrow row houses, fixing them up but diligently preserving the quaintness.

The dirt and the rats were chased out, rents climbed unbelievably, and what had been slums became smart and fashionable. Most of the ten to fifteen thousand Negro residents departed, not because there was racial discrimination but because they couldn't afford the rising rents, which now start at about a hundred and fifty dollars for a tiny apartment and quickly zoom to four or five hundred for more spacious quarters.

A look of age, but dignified and distinguished age, enhances the value of Georgetown property, and a reference book on Georgetown's architecture says apologetically that "the new appearance" of a house dating from 1805 was "caused by the necessity of sand-blasting to remove many coats of paint." The new appearance of another venerable house was caused by the necessity of sand-



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yourself, and in Washington a man with any knowledge of gardening charges ten or twelve dollars a week to barber a patch sixteen feet square. The weekly fee for large yards is more than a hundred dollars.

Uneven floors? Why not? Years and wax have endowed them with lustre. And you can't buy wood like that today. Kitchens at the front? Living rooms at the back? The explanation is that you can escape the sounds and smells of traffic at the back of a house, and that when the living room is at the rear and

opens on a walled garden, the garden is an extension of your house.

The angry real-estate man belonged to a minority. Most Washingtonians view Georgetown with warmth and tolerance. They chuckle softly when Georgetowners demand a return of horse-drawn water carts and street-sweepers with brooms. They are amused to read in a best-selling novel, *Advise and Consent*, that a fifth of all U.S. senators live in Georgetown "in houses of varying quaintness and antiquity whose price increases in direct proportion to their degree of

charming inconvenience." They are pleased by mystery writer Leslie Ford's affectionate descriptions — "it was the moment in Georgetown when the dusk, still more rose than amethyst, sifts through the trees" — and by the references to Georgetown that have cropped up so frequently in novels by the late J. P. Marquand and other authors. But the average Washingtonian is enraged when a town planner announces, as one did a few years ago, that Georgetown has too much congestion, too much traffic, spotty and indiscriminate use of

land, and "falls short of what is expected in a decent neighborhood." The planner could cite statistics; the population density in Georgetown is seventy-five percent higher than either town planners or the American Medical Association consider desirable. Yet where else are there five thousand carefully cultivated gardens for thirty thousand people? Where else is there a comparable ratio of bathrooms to individuals? Not only Georgetowners but Washingtonians in general rubbed the planner's nose in such questions.

They ask, too, what other American village can support a French market where meat is dressed exactly as it is in Paris — a store in which the American customers speak effortless French? Where else are ninety-nine percent of the dogs purebreds and fifty percent of them poodles, the poodles being clipped every six weeks at Miss Carole White's dog beauty shop at twelve to eighteen dollars a clip, depending on the size of the animal and the style?

What other village has a store that specializes in casseroles, a store that specializes in coffee at twice the supermarket price, a Japanese art store owned by a pretty Japanese artist who changed her name from Keiko Hiratsuka to Moore by marrying an American sailor, a Mexican store launched because a Washington girl with a degree in economics married a Mexican and thought they should pool their knowledge of economics and hand-made silver jewelry?

Georgetown also has French restaurants, Scandinavian restaurants, Dutch restaurants, German restaurants, hamburger joints and Martin's. Martin's is reputed to have the worst waiters in the District of Columbia, if not in the world; so, Georgetown being Georgetown, crochety, unpredictable, and nonconformist, Martin's is patronized by overcrowding by cabinet members, Supreme Court judges, senators.

Where but in Georgetown would there be the main terminal of a canal that has been proclaimed a national monument? It's the Chesapeake and Ohio, and anybody can see its lower reaches from a mule-hauled barge, all the while listening to commentaries by government experts on its profusion of animal and vegetable life. The canal is at its best when the barge is rented for a cocktail party some dignitary is tossing for other dignitaries.

Where but in Georgetown would you find ghosts in the centre of an urban area of two million people? The ghosts still lurk around because Georgetown has a quality that keeps them lurking. They are there under the dim lights Georgetowners refuse to have replaced by bright lights. Poe of *The Raven*, Sinclair Lewis of *Main Street*, Elinor Glyn of *Three Weeks*, Leslie Ford, so many others. And artists and statesmen, and doctors like Magruder who pioneered the modern drugstore by selling wallpaper as well as opium. All the old names are in Georgetown, ringing a quiet tiny bell. John Stevens, merchant, is there, advertising, "My friends I am too poor to trust, but my weights are good and my measures just." Negroes are there, covering their plight with smiles and laughter. Magnolias are there, and wisteria, and roses growing like weeds, and statesmen can sit, talk, reason, argue andicker in Georgetown in a way that is impossible for them elsewhere.

That, to get right down to it, is Georgetown's secret, its power, its influence, its grace. In Georgetown the great can speak softly in soft surroundings and be heard. ★



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PETER MARTIN

Idea man

As a student politician at the University of Toronto, Peter Martin was convinced that the National Federation of Canadian University Students, a cumbersome and not very popular organization, would fare better under the guidance of a student who took a year off to become its paid president. Martin convinced others. The office was created. Martin was elected to it. NFCUS became less cumbersome and more popular. After graduating, Martin marked time for a couple of years with the Canadian Association for Adult Education, until he could convince enough people that Canada could support an all-Canadian book club. He convinced enough. The club was created. Today he is president of the Reader's Club of Canada. It's thriving, and Peter Martin, whose manner swings between stiff dignity and quick humor, is talking about another even less probable idea. "I almost hate to talk about this," he says, "because it sounds facetious. But I think we need, among many other things of course, some sort of international corps of youth, with colored shirts and armbands like the Hitler Youth if that's necessary. We've built up a system of status, or allowed it to be built up, where a man is measured by his material position. I think instead that we should make what a man is doing for the world his measure of success, and if propaganda and coercion are needed to affect this change in our thinking, then

by all means let's have propaganda and coercion. The international corps, for instance, would be the ultimate achievement for a young man. We should be combing the high schools for our bright kids and making certain that they get a complete formal education. When they're trained they can join the youth corps, to be sent to places like India where they can devote themselves and their training to helping people in an uncondescending way. I believe I'm going to live out my life in freedom and peace but I would be awfully surprised if, unless we begin to move positively and soon, my children will live out theirs. We simply have to make sacrifices." Does Martin really believe that such an idea could ever become anything more than an idea? "Yes. Who would have thought a few years ago that a man could become president of the United States—or even seriously conduct a campaign for the presidency—and talk about sacrifice?" Why isn't he doing more acting and less talking? "I'm like most other young Canadians. I'm not accustomed to anger, and I suppose I'm not yet angry enough to do anything more than talk. But I'm a great deal more so than I've ever been. I'm more of an idealist than I was at college. And I would like to think that the book club will eventually run itself, so I can spend the next period of my life working for something that will really help."

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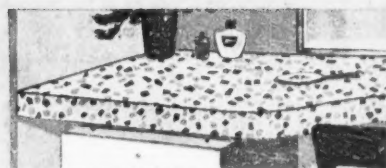
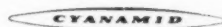
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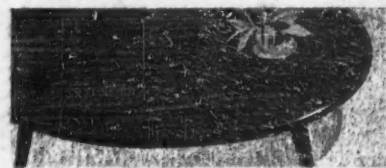
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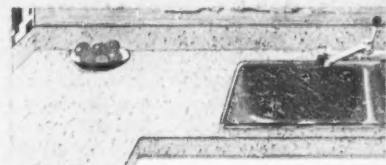
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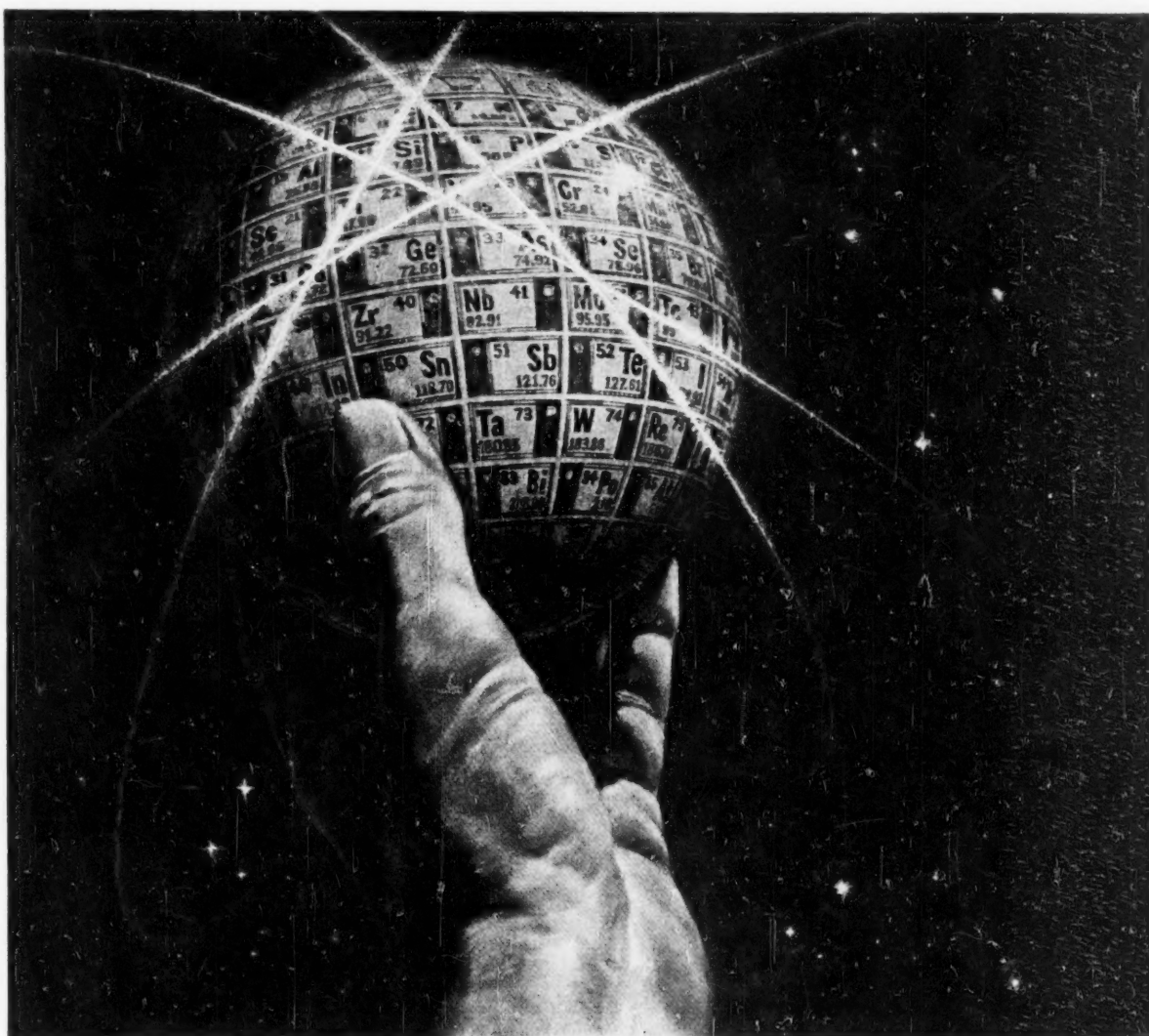
For beatniks, poets, professors and unmarried engineers who want to see India anyway, idealism is easy to express. For a Bay Street lawyer it is not. But Bay Street lawyer Stewart Fisher, 27, has found one way to do it—legal aid, which is the formal designation for helping people who can't afford a lawyer. As a law student, Fisher offered his assistance to a girl dope addict. She accepted. He boned up on narcotics law for most of two weeks and thought he'd found a defense. On their way into the courtroom, the girl told him what she really wanted was to go to penitentiary. Fisher's naïveté suffered, but his fascination with legal aid remained undimmed. Later, he found a young Negro charged with armed robbery who was prepared to defend himself with an excuse that would have had him instantly convicted. Fisher got him off. He defended a technical-institute student who had already pleaded guilty to stealing a 43-cent bottle of Wildroot Cream Oil. He advises most of the people victimized by used-car dealers, about whom Toronto Star columnist Pierre Berton writes frequently, and so many others that he can't count them. Recently he was named a trustee of the York County Law Association, which runs legal aid in Toronto. Such work is far from necessary for Fisher. As a junior member of his father's established firm, he is guaranteed a full (and profitable) practice without looking for more work. Why does he do it? "I'm not sure I know," he says. "When we first moved to Don Mills (the most suburban of Toronto suburbs) the churches started dropping in on us, one by one. They said they were certain we would want to join. I said why? What did they do that was any good? They talked about things like Big Brother and halls named after saints. I kept asking what they did for people. I never could find out. In legal aid, you know you're really helping someone. Even when they don't need a lawyer, you're on their side for a while. Besides that, I feel an obligation, and I see so many guys I went to law school with just getting bigger mortgages and second cars that it makes me mad." ★

NEWLANDS: The man who photographed the young Canadians



The girl on our cover is Elaine Bédard, a model, about whom there is more on page 16. The man behind the girl is David Owen, an executive, about whom ditto. The steel behind the man is part of Montreal's Place Ville Marie, of which Owen is in charge. The man behind the camera was Don New-

lands, Maclean's new photo editor, whose pictures also appear on pages 17, 18, 19, 20, 26, 27, 55, 56 and 57. Newlands comments: "In spite of the eleven degrees below zero on the roof of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, the only items that Elaine Bédard couldn't prevent from freezing were two insensitive cameras."



The Periodic Table lists all the known elements of the world we live in . . . more than half of them used by Union Carbide

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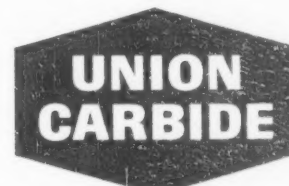
Approximately 4,000 people of Union Carbide Canada Limited operate more than 50 plants, quarries, laboratories, warehouses, and offices located from coast to coast. With these resources and skills, and working with the basic elements of nature, they create a variety of products in the fields of metals, carbons, gases, plastics and chemicals.

It is men and women working together to provide new and better materials that gives full meaning to Union Carbide. And the people of Union Carbide will go on bringing you the necessities and conveniences that will help keep our standard of living one of the highest in the world.

Periodic Chart © Welch—Chicago

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WD-2

The stiffening spine of a soft generation

Continued from page 15

Some call for hospital ships and foreign aid instead of centennial bonfires and world's fairs

the new feeling evident on three levels.

The first and most obvious was among those who are giving all or part of their lives to doing something about it. Here were the millionaires' league—scores of young French Canadians at half a dozen universities, signing away a year or two to work abroad at their own expense in Africa or Asia—and their English-language counterparts. But here also, if less romantically, was the young giant with whom I went to an Ontario boarding school. Then he had been, like all of us, drifting comfortably toward security. He was pulled to university because he could play football there and because his father, who'd had to work for his education, wanted him to become a doctor. At the University of Western Ontario he became, almost inevitably, captain of football, a star at basketball and swimming, and something called Athlete of the Year. But he also became interested in his studies, and by graduation he was at the head of his class. Today he is a doctor, making only \$250 a month and only halfway on the long and brain-stretching road to becoming a neurosurgeon, and a career of research on innermost frontiers of man's mind. Late one night I asked him why, with a training that would yield him at the very least a high-

ly comfortable income from private practice, he was aiming himself so carefully at a career whose rewards, if any, would be immaterial. He said: "Science is our only hope. The scientists have created the power to end the world and I guess it's the scientists who are going to have to save it."

The second level of dissatisfaction is just below that. At a conference held a few months ago to discuss plans for celebrating Canada's centenary in 1967, a young adult educator stood up and said: "I'm tired of talk about world's fairs and bonfires and aquacades and self-congratulation. Hasn't it ever occurred to anyone that Canada has been lucky to have a hundred years of relative prosperity? Why hasn't anyone suggested that we take all the money that we'd spend on patting ourselves on the back, and give it away in aid and education to other countries who haven't been so lucky? Or why don't we invest in a centennial ship and send it around the world with hospital supplies?" And I heard of dozens of other similar speeches and ideas: two young Liberals at a convention caucus, pleading for a revision of the party's constitution to take control out of the hands of the old guard (and winning); a group of young Tories fight-

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SPEED QUEEN



ing to have the Young Progressive Conservatives support the recognition of Red China; a young son of a socialist leader, reared as an unquestioning doctrinaire socialist, who had gone to Ghana "for a look" and now refuses to come home because, as he wrote to a university friend, "when you see what's needed over here, it doesn't make sense to come back and fight for another \$10 in old-age pensions."

These are the people who five or six or ten years ago were asking which company had better retirement benefits, who couldn't see the difference between Canadian political parties, whose values were measured bumper to bumper, and whose only concern with the international scene was in terms of whether or not they might be drafted.

And, third, there is a spreading private restlessness among people who have not yet made the public gestures. Time after time when I asked about goals and ambi-

PARADE

Alley skat

When a little girl in Newmarket, Ont., found a stray cat, her mother explained that it might be of value to someone and she should take kitty to the police station. The youngster did and an understanding policeman faithfully



took down all the details and thanked her solemnly for being a dutiful citizen. Passing the police station later the same day the girl happened to glance down the alley just as a large hand holding a small cat was thrust out the side door, and a large gruff voice said, "Now skat."

tions I heard about still-undefined yearnings to "contribute something," to "work in India," to "make enough out of this business so that I can quit and do something really constructive." In the words of a young philosophy professor at the University of Toronto: "Because the world isn't so black and white any more, it's sometimes difficult to find where to attach one's energy. But I find that more and more of our contemporaries are actually out looking for a cause to support, and many of them are finding one." The more young adults I talked to, the more I became convinced that it was a common discontent emerging in different forms. The more I expressed this view, the more agreement I found, until my final interviews became almost forums of pleased unanimity. To risk the broadest generalization yet: this generation is becoming as bored with complacency as its immediate predecessor has been bored with revolt.

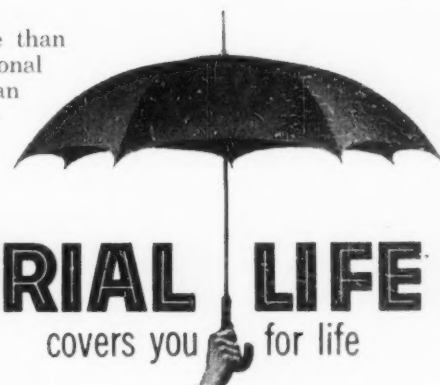
There are other characteristics common to the new discontent than the fact that it has been late blooming. It is intellectual, where revolt among other generations has often been emotional. There is, for instance, no rabid nationalism among the young. Any talk I heard about a national flag was frivolous. I became convinced that if there really is a rebirth of nationalism in this country it is, unlike the birth or rebirth of similar feelings all over the world, not



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THE MEANING OF

BAPTISM



Baptism is not magic! It is not spiritual inoculation which will miraculously protect a child against mysterious and unknown evils. When an adult is baptized, it does not wipe clean his moral slate and ensure that somehow he has "got it made."

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Early Protestants spoke of their life as the arena in which they "improved" their baptism. Parents will "improve" the baptism of their children as they make and maintain Christian homes. A child will learn more of the way of Christ from the example and attitudes of Christian parents than from all the instruction that can be given him by anyone else.

The older person who receives baptism will "improve" it through his loyalty to the Church and through his striving to weave the principles of Christ into his life.

Baptism is no mere pious gesture, no mere social observance. It is essentially an act of worship, whereby the Church receives persons into its fellowship, and whereby those being baptized are set on the Christian road facing in the right direction.

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PARADE

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nouncer do a persuasive sell for "the ready-to-eat breakfast for ready-to-eat people."

Canada's other culture, are proud that there is one.

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"Most of our friends are so suburban you'd think they'd studied to behave that way for 20 years"

Our early maturity has also meant an early practicality, so that much of our dissatisfaction is focused on the endless and empty clichés of men who are at the top today. I talked to a brilliant young Montreal executive who had recently returned from some hearings before a committee of the House of Commons. "It would have been so easy to accomplish what we were there for," he said, "but we had to wait for the speech-making. Even in a committee. It must be habit. Most of the politicians didn't really know what they were talking about, but they went on talking. It's enough to make me go into politics myself."

The new dissatisfaction is not often so simply triggered. I heard many theories on why it is coming to the surface now, on why it is turning my generation from complacency to a fresh idealism.

Most typically, there was John Kennedy. The new president's personality and ideas (and, in a different way, his youth) hung over the table at our political panel like the Holy Ghost. Kennedy came up in many conversations, yet I found only one young Canadian who said he hadn't cared who won the U.S. election (he's still pretty satisfied) and one who said he would have voted for Nixon. In all the others, Kennedy, his "Youth for Peace," and his talk about "getting things moving" seemed to have struck a responsive chord.

Most traditionally, there was this explanation: We have simply run up against the age-old frustration of the young. We know more than our fathers and they don't recognize it. But we have run up against it later than most generations. Through the 1950s, our contributions were welcomed, because our manpower and womanpower were needed in an exploding economy and because we (or rather our older brothers and sisters) didn't champ against the bit. Now many of us feel ready to take over the whole show. With few exceptions, we're not being allowed to. After a decade of middle age, we're feeling the brashness of youth. And, because it's coming late, our frustration is deeper than our earlier rebellion would have

important in triggering the reaction is simply that we have patience. After growing up, things were going to change, more and more of us began to realize that they are working out automatically. To the critical, rational man who is in his late twenties, the world is really like, con-

tinued armament, to mention only one evil that is recognized as being evil, seems simply insane. And more and more such men are realizing that their energy and ideas are needed and that they have an obligation to contribute them.

What will it finally mean? Where will a generation that has had its middle age before its youth want to lead the world?

I asked the man who gave his Christmas present to CARE.

"I don't think there's any basis for prediction," he said, "because there's never really been anything like it. Most of our friends are so suburban you'd think they'd been studying how to behave that way for twenty years. But there's no doubt that there is dissatisfaction or that it's spreading, particularly

among the people who are taking the lead, except perhaps in politics. I think the new feeling is going to make itself felt in politics as it has everywhere else. When we do take over we may just go back to being what you call middle-aged. Or, we just might stay idealistic—and through our own kind of rational idealism we might right a few of the wrongs there are in the world." ★



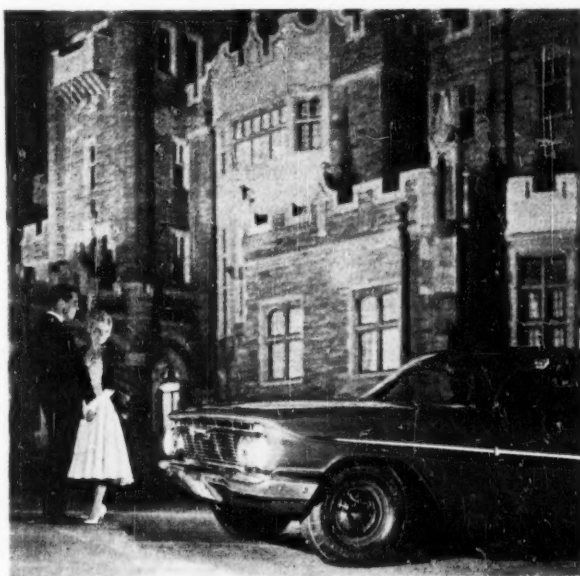
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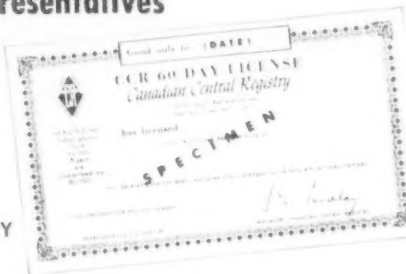


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"Most of our friends are so suburban you'd think they'd studied to behave that way for 20 years"

Our early maturity has also meant an early practicality, so that much of our dissatisfaction is focused on the endless and empty clichés of men who are at the top today. I talked to a brilliant young Montreal executive who had recently returned from some hearings before a committee of the House of Commons. "It would have been so easy to accomplish what we were there for," he said, "but we had to wait for the speech-making. Even in a committee. It must be habit. Most of the politicians didn't really know what they were talking about, but they went on talking. It's enough to make me go into politics myself."

The new dissatisfaction is not often so simply triggered. I heard many theories on why it is coming to the surface now, on what is turning my generation from complacency to a fresh idealism.

Most typically, there was John Kennedy. The new president's personality and ideas (and, in a different way, his youth) hung over the table at our political panel like the Holy Ghost. Kennedy came up in many conversations, yet I found only one young Canadian who said he hadn't cared who won the U.S. election (he's still pretty satisfied) and one who said he would have voted for Nixon. In all the others, Kennedy, his "Youth for Peace," and his talk about "getting things moving" seemed to have struck a responsive chord.

Most traditionally, there was this explanation: We have simply run up against the age-old frustration of the young. We know more than our fathers and they don't recognize it. But we have run up against it later than most generations. Through the 1950s, our contributions were welcomed, because our manpower and womanpower were needed in an exploding economy and because we (or rather our older brothers and sisters) didn't champ against the bit. Now many of us feel ready to take over the whole show. With few exceptions, we're not being allowed to. After a decade of middle age, we're feeling the brashness of youth. And, because it's coming late, our frustration is deeper than an earlier rebellion would have made it.

But most important in triggering the new dissatisfaction is simply that we have run out of patience. After growing up believing that things were going to work out all right, more and more of us are beginning to realize that they are *not* going to work out *automatically*. To an educated, practical, rational man who is becoming aware in his late twenties of what the world is really like, con-

tinued armament, to mention only one evil that is *recognized* as being evil, seems simply insane. And more and more such men are realizing that their energy and ideas are needed and that they have an obligation to contribute them.

What will it finally mean? Where will a generation that has had its middle age before its youth want to lead the world?

I asked the man who gave his Christmas present to CARE.

"I don't think there's any basis for prediction," he said, "because there's never really been anything like it. Most of our friends are so suburban you'd think they'd been studying how to behave that way for twenty years. But there's no doubt that there is dissatisfaction or that it's spreading, particularly

among the people who are taking the lead, except perhaps in politics. I think the new feeling is going to make itself felt in politics as it has everywhere else. When we do take over we may just go back to being what you call middle-aged. Or, we just might stay idealistic—and through our own kind of rational idealism we might right a few of the wrongs there are in the world." ★



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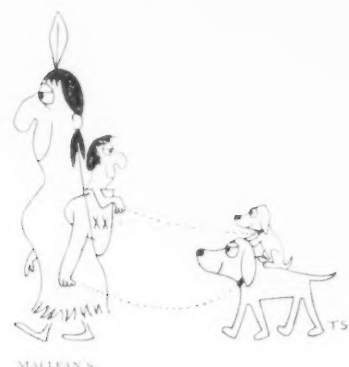
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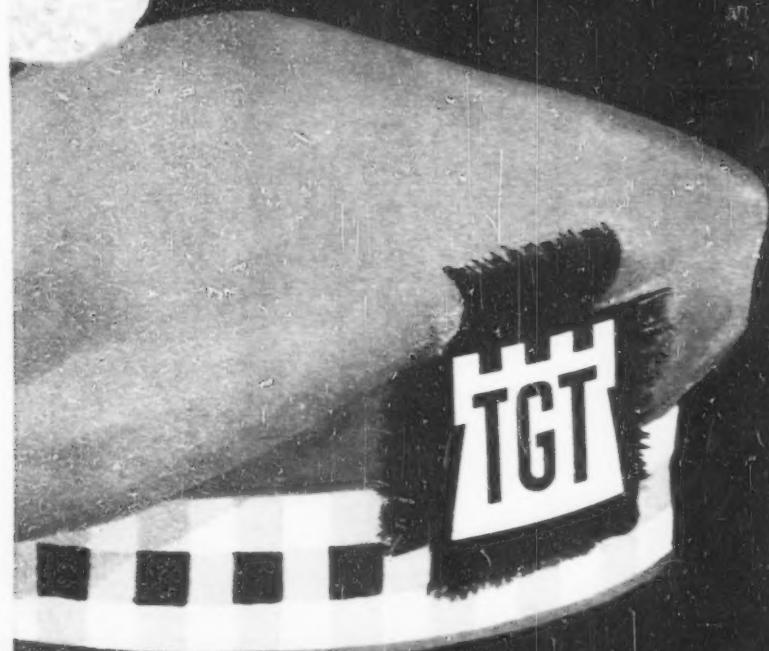
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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 10

er may logically ask, "Why did you give these two students a passing grade?" My reply, and it is weak, is that thirty-six percent of the students in that class failed. They were worse. There is also a tendency among teachers to be slightly more lenient toward seniors. The senior year is a bit too late to fail students for poor writing—they should have been informed of it much earlier.

This doesn't mean that seniors are assured of a pass. In an essay about the Winnipeg general strike one boy wrote:

"It was found that if Collective Bargaining was used to could benefit all, and as a last resort should a union be allowed to use a strike."

He failed the final exam, a supplemental exam and a special exam in that course, and consequently didn't have enough course credits to receive his commerce degree. (He later received it by passing a course in education.)

Language is vital to learning

These examples of tortured English were not produced in English texts. English is more than another university subject. It is the tool through which all training is conveyed in English-speaking schools. It would be difficult to convince a university professor (or a potential employer, for that matter) that the students who wrote those samples really understood what they were being taught but just couldn't put their knowledge into words.

Admittedly, the samples are not representative of all student writing, nor of the average student. They are from the bottom. The majority, but not all, of the excerpts were written by students from the Atlantic provinces. But every university teacher in Canada sees similar ones.

Other teachers also see the same misspelled words. Some are big words like *prolapse*, *opportunities*, or *separatists*; some are little words like *life*, *ment*, *full*, *hard*, and *and*. Some are two words like *what* (*more* *in* *turn*), and *into* (*use* *to*). Some conceal their nature from the inexperienced teacher: *amnesia* (*immense*), *near* (*anger*), *happ* (*budget*), *neighbour* (*neighbour*), *muffy* (*imagine*), *infinite* (*inefficient*). The best I have received in this last category is *lower* (*opposite*), a classic example of phonetic spelling combined with sloppy pronunciation. *Democracy* I consider the funniest misspelling in my English collection.

How, it may be asked, do students reach the third and fourth years of university while still unable to write? Since English courses are usually required in the first and second years, are the professors of English too lenient? Failure rates in first-year English courses (and also in mathematics) are commonly as high as fifty or sixty percent. Many students, knowing that English teachers consider writing to be important, make an effort to write more carefully for these teachers, but make little effort to



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See page 60

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do so in other subjects. The charge of leniency would be more valid if directed against those teachers of other subjects who mistakenly think that a student's knowledge of a subject can be graded separately from his ability to express it, and leave the assessment of writing ability to the teachers of English. But another point is even more important.

Should a teacher of English at a university have to tell a student that sentences begin with a capital letter and usually contain a verb? That *their* is different from *there*, and the difference is of some importance? That writing an essay is not done by pilfering it word for word from some book? (I had one student who copied an essay from the compressed prose that preceded a statistical section in the Canada Year Book.) Is it unreasonable to expect and insist that such things be learned before the university level? It is of the utmost importance that our students gain some appreciation of the vast and valuable body of English literature. Is this to be sacrificed while our English teachers explain the proper location of punctuation marks?

No one expects a freshman to be a polished writer with an exquisite style. University professors cannot always claim that ability. A serious deficiency of university curriculums is their relative neglect of the student's need for assistance in developing his writing abilities. More of this could be done, however, if less time and energy were spent on students who have not mastered the simplest mechanics of writing, and who are not interested in doing so.

Studies? They're a nuisance

In addition to such students there are too many others who are not interested in intellectual pursuits of any kind. The evidence is convincing though less direct than the written excerpts given above. Let some course acquire a reputation as a snap — one that can be passed with little effort — and enrollment in it sky-rockets. Every university has seen this happen. Does this not mean that many students prefer course credits to course content? Consider the popularity of textbooks. As dry and dull as their pre-digested contents may often be, most students prefer them to the alternative — reading more than one book on the subject. Their goal is a degree; their hope is a lucrative job. Academic studies are a barrier, reluctantly approached, lowered and circumvented if possible. For many, this is a common attitude.

I am not a disillusioned and disgruntled teacher. I find my work enjoyable and stimulating and I would trade it for no other. I have some very intelligent students who would be in the first rank at any university in North America. I have many others, less brilliant, who nevertheless receive much benefit from their university opportunities. I do not advocate educating the best and shooting the rest. But I do say that there are too many at Canadian universities who have no right to be there, because they lack the minimum attributes necessary to benefit significantly from the privilege they enjoy.

By all means, let us have more university students. Let us have students who are interested in ideas, students who prefer reading to card-playing, students who already know the fundamental mechanics of communicating ideas, having learned them in the twelve years of schooling prior to university. Let the universities take the example of their football coaches, and politely but firmly exclude the rest. ★

MARCH 25, 1961



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Continued from page 21

Mulroney: Do you think a revolution is going to solve the question?

Fournier: I am talking about a peaceful revolution.

Greenspan: I would like to see a vast change, a revolution, not in structure but more in values. There is, for instance, more spent on liquor than education in Canada. I don't suggest that the government should demand that we channel a certain amount to education rather than liquor, but rather that the nation's sense of values be led to change. Governments give leadership, not as much by what they do as by what they are.

Rogers: If people were to give up their second car, say, we would not produce as many cars in Canada and we would thus increase unemployment. It seems to me that is self-defeating.

David: Somebody has to sacrifice something. If you are going to sacrifice your second car, that means unemployment. But the answer is not there, it is in the public sector. That is the whole Kennedy campaign, and we did not need Kennedy to tell us that.

Newman: Dave Greenspan talked about a change in the sense of values of the people. How does that apply to politicians? Do you think that the politician of the future will also change? What will his attitude be toward patronage, for instance?

Mulroney: I think his attitude is going to be drastically changed from the attitude of those who are in government today. The young people of today are going to strengthen the nation at the

cost of partisan politics, and they are going to take a much more idealistic view of things twenty years from now than we do today.

Greenspan: It seems to me that the run-of-the-mill politicians — just as businessmen, newspapermen and teachers are run-of-the-mill — will accurately reflect, as they do today, the values of the people they represent, of the society they represent.

Fournier: People want to work and have peace. They want these things, but they are not getting them. Nobody is kidded by that.

Newman: What would you do?

Fournier: Personally, I think the government should disarm if it is working for peace.

Rogers: Unilaterally?

Fournier: If necessary.

Brewin: I would like to say I do not agree with him on this point, just to make my position clear.

Mulroney: If your party accepts that alternative—unilateral disarmament and a number of other things—would you remain a member of the New Party?

Brewin: I don't know, and this is a question I have been tossing around in my own mind. I think it would depend to a certain extent on the leadership and the phraseology of the resolution that was passed. I think I would be very tempted to pull out of the party.

Newman: Let me put one question to all of you. Say, within the next decade or the next twenty years, you are prime minister of Canada. What would be your

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first legislative act? I do not mean a minor, detailed writing of some regulation, but your first major crusade?

Brewin: Assuming the same conditions that we have today?

Newman: Generally, yes.

Brewin: I think the first priority today is to get the economy on its feet again, to get the economy expanding.

Greenspan: The first thing I would do would be to appoint as governor-general a black or yellow man from an African or an Asiatic member of the Commonwealth.

Fournier: I would say that I would do what the people wanted.

Newman: What would you like the people to tell you to do?

Fournier: First, get out of the alliances and out of the military club with the United States, and not be dragged into a war.

Mulroney: I would legislate to change the tax structure of Canada, to permit the Atlantic provinces to share equally

Brewin: I would like to say one sentence about the international scene. I think the first thing the government should do in the international scene is to formulate detailed proposals to put to the council of NATO regarding political, economic, social and scientific co-operation and also a definite plan for co-ordinated and co-operative aid to underdeveloped countries by the Western nations.

Gzowski: I wonder if, individually or collectively, you feel there is any characteristic which would distinguish this

group of six from a comparable group in, say, 1930, 1940 or 1950?

Mulroney: I think that politicians in the Twenties and Thirties had an insular attitude, in that they were just concerned about Canada. I think we have a tremendously increased scope and are aware that Canada cannot exist by itself.

Brewin: The major differences spring from the background. Our ideas have been developed during a period of prosperity and real tension internationally, whereas a generation twenty years older than ours was faced with the Depres-

sion and the war. These influences developed their outlook.

Greenspan: There are two areas of difference that I can see. 1) I think we've been much more smug, self-satisfied and complacent in the last eight or nine years than we were in the Thirties, up to about 1947. 2) Our generation is less doctrinaire and less given to "isms," because we realize there is no permanency.

Mulroney: We are too used to a regulated life and have never had any cause for really angry young men around. ★

PARADE

Visitors' Aid Society

As the traffic light blinked red at a busy Vancouver intersection a husky young logger evidently just in from the bush strode across regardless of traffic and a cop's whistle. Then out of the



crowd at the curb darted a tiny old lady of about 80 years and 90 pounds, seized his arm and hauled him back. She hung right on till the light changed, then tugboated him across until she had him safely berthed on the opposite shore.

in the prosperity of the country—and, I should say, the other have-not provinces—something similar to Operation Bootstrap in Puerto Rico.

David: Three things come to my mind: Justice, because there is no justice in this country. . . .

Newman: What do you mean by that?

David: I could tell you all about the bar—you should just try, for instance, to prosecute a lawyer or a judge who has a \$2,000 account unpaid at Simpson's. As a student of law, probably I should leave it at that. The second thing I was thinking up was the party structure. I don't know what the concrete proposal would be there either, but it would involve the whole problem. But if you do not have responsible parties, you cannot have responsible government. Then, third, I think that if you came up with a legislative proposal to set up an economic council, like they have in Quebec, then many things would flow from this. It would probably go to helping underdeveloped countries.

Newman: You are talking of a planned economy?

David: Yes, and I am willing to fight for it in the party structure.

Rogers: There are two official languages in this country. I would legislate to encourage and insist upon a policy of bilingualism in every town, city and hamlet, from coast to coast.

Fournier: You would have problems!

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BACKGROUND

Soviet horror tales: life in grim, capitalist Canada

Here's what USSR books, magazines say about us

Starving workers are falling like flies on the sidewalks of Canadian cities, but Tim Buck and his 4,000 Communist Party members will soon win the struggle to establish an earthly paradise throughout North America.

Although even Buck himself might not instantly recognize this description of the current Canadian scene, it's an example of the things the people of the Soviet Union are being told in publications not intended for export.

In the Soviet press, Buck is Canada's No. 1 citizen. He gets eight mentions in the Modern History of Canada published last year in Russia. The book gives John Diefenbaker, Louis St. Laurent and Mackenzie King one mention apiece, explaining that they have played only minor parts in Canadian events.

Canadian hockey players and whisky distillers share the blame for the degenerate habits of *stilyagi* — Soviet teddy boys or beatniks. A recent cartoon in



a Soviet periodical showed two *stilyagi* rocking 'n' rolling in a not-quite-empty bottle of Canadian Club. The accompanying story explained that young people in Russia got their first taste of Canadian whisky during visits of Canadian hockey teams.

Sacrilege is apparently as shocking to the Kremlin as it is to the Vatican. A recent cartoon in Krokodil, the famous satirical magazine, shows a Canadian soldier who has taken over a monastery in Europe. He is drinking (yes, again) whisky under the outstretched arm of a statue of the Virgin Mary.

A Soviet book called Anglo-American Controversies in Canada reveals that Uncle Sam keeps Canadians under constant watch through a vast network of FBI agents in Canada, and that industrial layoffs are causing many suicides among workers.

But there are signs that the Russians are beginning to think the Western economies are not all bad. Ads in Soviet periodicals now show some Madison Avenue influences, and Vneshniaia Torgovlia, a monthly journal of foreign trade, recently carried two long, approving articles on Western advertising patterns and techniques. — LE MAGAZINE MACLEAN

Braille from a jail

Producing braille books has always been a slow and laborious job. Each page must be engraved by hand. But now the Canadian National Institute for the Blind has a group of printers whose time is almost unlimited: inmates at Ontario's Millbrook Reformatory. James

Medd, a reformatory instructor, started the work two years ago after studying braille with the CNIB. His 13 prisoner-printers engrave the braille dots on thin aluminum plates that can print about 60 copies each before wearing out. So far, Medd's shop has produced about 300,750 pages for 2,005 braille volumes.

World Calendar in '67?

The World Calendar—the system that divides the year into four equal quarters and once a year adds an eighth day to the week ("Worldsday")—will (its proponents hope) be getting more than its usual share of publicity between now and 1967. Reason: that's the next possible year for a switchover (New Year's must fall on a Sunday) and it's also Canada's centenary.

A. J. Hills, 82, of Ottawa, head of the World Calendar Association, with members in 40 countries, will soon be circulating pamphlets urging Canada to celebrate the centennial year by leading the world into calendar reform. "If North and South America would accept it," he says, "the rest of the world would come to us."

Its biggest advantage: with equal (91-day) quarters and with dates falling on the same days of the week each year, industry and government would save time and money calculating payrolls, pensions, taxes and such. Its firmest opponents: Seventh-Day Adventists and Jews. Both opposed it during debates at the League of Nations in '36 and the United Nations in '47, on grounds that "Worldsday" would break the traditional seven-day cycle that ends in the Sabbath each week. — JOHN VIRTUE

Le Magazine Maclean: Quebec nationalists call it "foreign"

Long before Le Magazine Maclean got out its first issue last month, French-Canadian nationalists were attacking it. Damning the new publication with the faintest of praise, Premier Jean Lesage last August called it "a mark of respect for our culture but not a mark of our culture." In November Roger Duhamel, the Queen's printer, told the fourth annual congress of L'Union Canadienne des Journalistes de Langue Française that "No one will ever make me believe we will succeed in preserving our identity with a French version or adaptation of an English magazine."

Instead of battling the nationalists, Le Magazine's editor, Pierre de Bellefeuille, is letting the union's president, Jean-Marc Léger, take space in the second issue for an essay with what may well be the most unusual magazine title of the decade: "Why I won't write for Le Magazine Maclean." In his "first and last" contribution to Le Magazine, Léger, a staff writer for Le Devoir, says the new magazine "will accelerate the foreign invasion of one of the sectors we still control" and lead to "a general process of enslavement of the French-Canadian group."

Whatever enslavement he achieves, de Bellefeuille will manage with articles on French Canada by "the best talent available." (His biggest coup so far: a regular column by French author François Mauriac, who won a Nobel

Prize in 1952.) Other features: regular reports from Ottawa, Quebec City and Fredericton. Le Magazine will also carry translations from the English Maclean's (each magazine has rights to the other's material) but these will never dominate Le Magazine. (The first issue had one sharply abridged translation out of 11 articles.) Unlike Maclean's, Le Magazine will also carry a short story each issue and at least three articles on subjects outside Canada.

De Bellefeuille, who came to his new job after eight years with the French-language section of the National Film Board, says he is not a nationalist but he can see why other French Canadians are. "It is a pity the new magazine wasn't started by a French Canadian," he concedes. "But the fact is that no one in French Canada seemed willing to do it. Maclean-Hunter simply stepped into the vacuum."

Having hit its first circulation target (80,000 copies) with its first issue, Le Magazine is aiming for 100,000 by the end of '61. Le Magazine shares printing facilities and promotional and business staffs—including Maclean's publisher F. G. Brander—with the English magazine. Brander watches over finances, but leaves editorial decisions to de Bellefeuille and his eight-member staff in Montreal. "The owners are in Toronto," de Bellefeuille says, "but Le Magazine is French Canadian."

—DAVID LEWIS STEIN

"Dull" schools prompt B.C. parents to start their own

When the "New School" opens in a rented house in Vancouver this September, there will be no homework, no report cards and no formal grades. Students will start French in their primary year, later read history from original documents and occasionally have their own parents as teachers.

Five couples decided last fall to start the New School — their only name for it so far — because they consider public education in B.C. "dull and disagreeable," showing an "undesirable conformity." The fathers are UBC professors Donald Brown, Elliot Gose, Werner Cohn, and Norman Epstein, and Vancouver entomologist H. R. McCarthy. They want a progressive school that "avoids conformist attitudes." The founders have 11 children, but only four of them are of an age to enter the New School during its first year. Other parents, applying to enroll their children for the first term, have also criticized the public schools.

Unlike the recent royal commission, which recommended less art and more "core subjects" for B.C. youngsters, the New School will favor painting, music and literature, although it will pay "adequate attention" to the provincial curriculum. The founders and the principal will set policy but discipline will be up to the principal. "If discipline becomes a problem," Professor Brown says, "then it's an admission of failure."

Other New School features:

- ✓ a student-teacher ratio of 15 to 1 (B.C.'s average: 32 to 1).
- ✓ a free hand for teachers. "As long as

they've got some intelligence, life and guts," says Brown, "they can teach as they want."

✓ classes from grade-one age to university-entrance level. (The New School will open with only 30 pupils, all under grade-four level, but will add a class a year.)

✓ grouping of students according to ability, not age.

✓ parent-teacher conferences instead of report cards. (Report cards are out because they "encourage competition.")

✓ fees based on ability to pay — provided the non-profit venture gets the philanthropic backing the directors hope for. Mrs. Epstein says: "Children will be chosen from families who believe as we do." — ROBERT METCALFE

FOOTNOTES

About money: It may not buy health but in France, at least, it won't cause illness. For the past 18 months the Bank of France has used a secret process to disinfect all its bank notes.

About weather: Doctors have long known it affects body functions, but now in West Germany they are using weather forecasts as guides when scheduling operations. Radio stations include in their forecasts a code word that doctors can look up on a chart to see whether the next 24 hours will be a good time for surgery.

About TV sets: two new types — one intended to stop family arguments, the other to distract dental patients—have just come on the market. The deForest Three Screen TV has a set of earphones with each screen, enabling at least three family members to watch different programs at the same time; Dentavision, with a 5½-inch screen, is made to be mounted over a dentist's chair to keep the patient's mind off the drill.

About milk: A British doctor believes it's a good remedy for burns and scalds. After noticing that a woman patient who scalded her hand and plunged it immediately into a pitcher of milk suffered only reddened skin instead of blisters, Dr. Frederick Willington successfully treated 200 burn victims with cold-milk compresses. Almost any cold liquid is soothing to burns, but milk also has qualities that make it cling to flesh without pressure and help rebuild burned tissue, Willington explains.

About stars: Sailors aren't the only ones who use them for navigation. Ichthyologists at Nanaimo, B.C., investigating the migratory habits of sockeye salmon, have discovered the fish get their positions partly from the stars and become confused when clouds blot out their view of the sky.

About jukeboxes: relief from them may be in sight—or sound—in the form of earphones that will enable people who want to listen to the music to avoid inflicting their tastes on people who don't. A few U.S. bars and restaurants have installed the phones already. No one, apparently, has tried them in Canada yet but their U.S. distributor says they're available here so there's still hope.



BACKSTAGE

AT OTTAWA with Peter C. Newman

Atoms, NATO and NORAD—the coming election issue

One of the most perplexing aspects of the current Ottawa scene is that despite increasingly heated parliamentary bickering among the party leaders, no national debate on a major issue has yet occurred between Lester Pearson and John Diefenbaker. Such a clash is about to shatter the thin veneer of public amiability between the two men, its consequences may decide the results of the next election.

The issue is national defense.

Diefenbaker and his ministers have seized the initiative by jarring the Liberals as neutralists bent on obstructing President Kennedy's valiant attempts to strengthen the bastion of freedom. Pearson sees the issue as an opportunity to present an enlightened alternative to government policy, and as proof of the muddled drifting of the Conservative cabinet. Both sides relish the chance to make Canada's defense the main issue in a general election campaign.

For Diefenbaker, the defense debate provides a handy way to take the sting out of the anti-American economic legislation that will remain the basis of his nationalistic appeal to the electorate. Anti-Americanism has in recent months come to mean anti-Kennedism as well, and that's no longer a popular position in this country. By picturing Pearson as the advocate of a drastic weakening in our defense co-operation with the United States, the prime minister can claim that he is merely pro-Canadian while the Liberal leader is actually—and dangerously—anti-American. This attack is based on Pearson's declarations that he wants Canada to withdraw immediately from its interceptor role in NORAD, to scrap the Canadian installations of the Bomarc anti-bomber missile, and to re-examine Canada's present role in NATO.

Three Conservative backbenchers were recently assigned the task of hunting through every statement ever made by Pearson on national defense to provide Tory spokesmen with relevant ammunition. Meanwhile, Diefenbaker launched the great debate on his visit last month to President Kennedy when he told Washington reporters that the Liberal position on NORAD amounted to reducing the role of the RCAF to that of birdwatching. "We don't intend to be neutralist, regardless of the opinion expressed by some people," he said.

Two large groups of Canadians will be enlisted in the Conservative attack: the Liberal stand on defense. The million war veterans in this country will be reminded that twice before, Canada went to war sadly unprepared, and attempts will be made to persuade them that only the Conservative defense policy provides for maximum readiness in a third world war. Canada's Communist-hating eastern European immigrants will be told that Lester Pearson once declared on a national television show that he'd rather be "Red than dead."

This is a somewhat distorted reference to last summer's Close-Up program when Pearson was asked whether he would rather live under Khrushchev than suffer a nuclear war. With only ten seconds remaining in the show, Pearson replied: "Well, I want to do what I can to make that choice unnecessary, but if I had to make it, I would live under Mr. Khrushchev rather than die, and do what I could to throw him and his type out of power." Diefenbaker has never specifically referred to the remark, but a few months after the broadcast he told a meeting of Conservative party executives in Ottawa: "We don't want to die in a nuclear war, but we have no common ground with those who would offer us an alternative that we could live under Khrushchev with the hope of throwing him out of office. We don't intend to adopt this policy of defeatism."

The current positioning on defense by the Conservatives is prompted by the necessity of preparing public opinion in Canada for the acceptance of nuclear weapons by our armed forces. Seven months from now deliveries will begin of atomic hardware worth half a billion dollars, ordered by the Tories since they assumed office. This will include the Honest John ground-to-ground missile for use by our army



brigade in Europe and the first training models of the CF-104 fighter-bomber which will eventually take on a strike-reconnaissance function with our NATO air division. At about the same time, the first Bomarc missiles will arrive at North Bay, Ont., one of two Canadian launching sites. The cabinet has not yet announced a decision on arming these weapons with nuclear warheads, but it's clear that Defense Minister Douglas Harkness' support for the move has won out over the reluctance that Howard Green, minister of External Affairs, has felt about atomic arms. The cabinet has already authorized the dispatch to the U.S. of nearly five hundred Canadian servicemen for training in use of the missiles and their warheads.

Harkness, a blunt, almost dispassionate man who once taught school in Calgary and served with distinction as a lieutenant-colonel in Italy and northwestern Europe during World War II, has never hidden his feelings about atomic weapons. The day after he was transferred to his present portfolio from Agriculture, he told Vic Mackie of the Winnipeg Free Press: "In the modern world, if you're going to be efficiently armed, there seems to be no question that you've got to have nuclear arms."

Harkness pokes fun at the defense policy of the Liberals by asking: "Do these people really believe that Canada would be entitled to a strong voice in the determination of the defense of the North American continent if we should withdraw our contribution to its air defense?"

Pearson's answer is simply that Canada has already withdrawn from the effective air defense of the continent. "Any invasion of North America now would be by missile and jet bomber," he says, "and against this kind of attack, our present equipment is futile."

On most issues, Pearson has been ultra-careful not to commit his party to any course he might not be willing to follow if he achieves office. But when I went to see him recently to ask for an explanation of his defense policies, he outlined his thoughts in detail. "Neutrality for Canada is not only undesirable, it's impossible," he said with the heated conviction of a man who feels he shouldn't be asked to justify a stand he has exemplified most of his professional life. "Neutrality would mean that we'd have to put the

U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. on the same level of interest and importance to Canada. How silly can you get?"

"But a policy of strength and independence, or of co-operation with allies, doesn't require Canada herself to become a nuclear power," he insisted. "Nor does it require Canada to continue her present role in NORAD, which among other things would mean that Canadian forces would use nuclear weapons under single or dual control. Full co-operation with the U.S. is as important now as it ever was, but that doesn't mean we mustn't re-examine and alter that relationship."

Pearson advocates a complete overhaul of our defense establishment, one that would raise rather than lower our armament budget.

He urges a strengthening of our conventionally armed contribution to NATO, but he would like to cancel the attack function of the CF-104 we've ordered for our air division, unless its nuclear weapons come under NATO rather than U.S. control. At home, he'd like to establish a well-equipped and highly mobile army brigade, fully air-transportable either for UN or other international service. The RCAF would have the job of ferrying this brigade, plus providing a fleet of long-range transports for carrying refugees, making food drops or handling any other international emergency. Because he's convinced that the subchasers now in service with the Royal Canadian Navy are already inferior to Russian submarines, he'd substitute combat troop-carriers and supply ships.

The most controversial of Pearson's proposals concern North American air defense, to which Canada now contributes nine (being reduced this year to five) squadrons of CF-100 subsonic fighters and the two Bomarc bases under construction at North Bay and La Macaza, Que. The Liberal leader wants to retire the CF-100s, which he claims are not even fast enough to intercept one of ICA's new jetliners. He'd substitute six squadrons of supersonic interceptors, armed with conventional guided missiles, which would be used in a surveillance rather than attack function. That would leave the RCAF inside NORAD, but it would have to be a very different kind of co-operation, with the Americans taking on even more of the fighting. Pearson would close the Bomarc bases, thus ridding Canada of the need to have nuclear warheads on her soil. He believes the Bomarc system is useless.

Despite his insistence that Canada should stay out of the nuclear club, Pearson admits that if it were absolutely essential for Western defense, he would not object to the stationing in Canada of some U.S. missiles.

Preliminary approaches have already been made by the U.S. to Canadian defense officials about the possibility of using sites in Canada for some of the mobile bases for the Minuteman missile, due to come into production in 1963. This weapon will be compact enough for firing from barges on the Great Lakes or railway flatcars, and each missile will be moved daily so that the Russians can never have every site under surveillance.

When that day comes, perhaps our defense planners can take up the suggestion offered by a group of lumbermen who visited defense headquarters in Ottawa recently: they wanted to discuss rental arrangements for troops and aircraft to fight forest fires. ★

In the issue of February 25 I stated that Dalton Camp had advised Hugh John Flemming, then Conservative premier of New Brunswick, against the use of a teleprompter in his election campaign telecasts. I was mistaken; Mr. Flemming tells me that Mr. Camp gave him no such advice. It is correct that Mr. Flemming did not use a teleprompter, except in his last two broadcasts. It is also correct that Dalton Camp was publicity adviser to Mr. Flemming. However, the inference that Mr. Camp was responsible for this particular decision was incorrect.



U.S. REPORT

Ian Sclanders IN WASHINGTON

Kennedy's contagious orders against Cold War talk

When army brass got muffled, others took the hint

While the U. S. is worrying more these days about its domestic problems, it seems to be worrying a little less about the Cold War. In spite of the explosive situation in the Congo and Russia's blasts at the United Nations, there's been a disposition in Washington to speak softly on questions of foreign policy. The administration has clamped down hard on military speech-making. Admiral Arleigh Burke, chief of naval operations, General George Decker, army chief of staff, and General Thomas White, air force chief of staff, have all had trouble getting speeches cleared, and Burke and Decker both had to rewrite addresses they had prepared.

The fact that the top brass has been ordered to stop talking tough has undoubtedly led others to modulate their remarks in deference to the presidential wishes. Indeed, a television network went so far as to announce the cancellation of a new program dealing with Russian spies in the U. S., presumably to string along with John Kennedy's feeling that unless there's a reason for antagonizing Communist countries, they shouldn't be antagonized. Later, after a public outcry about censorship, the network changed its mind and the program is, after all, being carried.

The new and less belligerent U. S. approach to world affairs, which includes a return to the discreet channels of established diplomacy that in late years have been neglected, is not without its critics—noisy congressmen who demand, "What's this, appeasement?" Yet there is no sentiment for appeasement in Washington. It is just that President Kennedy thinks that foreign policy should be enunciated by statesmen and diplomats, in a statesmanlike and diplomatic way, rather than by admirals and generals, and that his secretary of state, quiet, urbane Dean Rusk, bears no resemblance whatever to the late John Foster Dulles, who, with his brinksmanship, automatically comes to mind as a symbol—far more so than Christian Herter—of Dwight Eisenhower's inflexible attitude.

But, although the speeches are more polite, Americans are still exposed to far more propaganda than Canadians. The restrictions on the high brass didn't stop anonymous posters headed "Beware of the truce of the bear" and showing a bear with a hammer and sickle, in a menacing pose, from being tacked up on bulletin boards in the Pentagon.

There seems to me to be a lot of Washingtonians who could not be termed pacifists. They tend to regard Canadians as "neutrals," said with a tiny sneer. Canada and the U. S. are, I'm afraid, more out of step than they've been in years. Once, simply being a Canadian guaranteed you a warm welcome on this side of the border; now



you may find yourself being asked why Canada hasn't done more to back up the U. S. embargo on the shipment of most goods to Cuba. Actually, we have backed it up, but Americans aren't anxious to believe this, which is one more indication of our deteriorating friendship.

Secret Service clears the way for Ottawa trip

The first trip a new president makes outside the United States after taking office is invariably a big event, so messages are already buzzing back and forth between Washington and Ottawa about the visit John F. Kennedy will pay Canada's capital in June. Behind an affair of this kind there is far more planning than appears on the surface. Judging from the way Kennedy strolls around Washington, keeping his Secret Service escort as far from him as possible, and dropping in at the homes of friends when the mood strikes him, he might prefer his Ottawa excursion to be simple and informal, as was Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's recent stay at the White House.

But a Canadian prime minister is free from the regulations that surround a U. S. president when he travels abroad. For example, there was only one Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman, not in uniform but in civvies, on the plane that carried Diefenbaker to Washington. Nobody seemed quite sure whether he was actually guarding the PM or had just hitched a ride. True, there was a U. S. Secret Service man in the front seat of the limousine in which Diefenbaker drove through Washington, this in compliance with the hard and fast rule that the U. S. Secret Service must have at least one man accompanying the visiting chief of a foreign government, but, apart from that, there were no elaborate security measures.

In contrast to this, but in conform-

ity with long-established tradition, before John Kennedy goes to Ottawa a whole crew of Secret Service officers and White House officials will fly there. They'll check the arrangements at the airport, they'll check every inch of any parade route, they'll check the arrangements to screen the guests and servants at any large social function, and they'll even check the arrangements at the Parliament Buildings, at which Kennedy will address the House of Commons and the Senate.

The number of Secret Service men who will be with Kennedy on his plane and who will stay close to him all the time he is in Ottawa won't be announced. It comes under the heading of classified information. But, if you are there, or are watching the visit on television, it shouldn't be too difficult to count up to a dozen of them.

As for newspaper, radio and television reporters, the word here is that they will descend on Ottawa in droves, partly because it's the president's first trip abroad, partly because Ottawa in June is a lovely city, but mainly because they sense that the president's mission will be newsworthy. Over the last few years, Canadian-U. S. relations have tended to deteriorate. They're still good, but not what they used to be. People close to President Kennedy say it is his hope, and Prime Minister Diefenbaker's, that they will be able to put relations back on the former happy footing. Since this is what they have in mind, it's conceivable that Kennedy's Ottawa speech may be an important and significant one—not simply the usual polite recitation of good wishes.

Was Kennedy too blunt for U.S. business?

Has business been hurt by President Kennedy's blunt words about the unsatisfactory condition of the American economy? That's what some of his

critics are saying. They say that his recent statements have spread a wave of nervousness across the country and that this threatens to slow things like car sales and home construction, since people are reluctant to tie themselves up financially when they are uncertain about the future.

Kennedy clearly believes that Congress must move quickly to prevent a recession from deepening into a full-scale depression. Yet many congressmen, especially right-wing Republicans and conservative Southern Democrats, have greeted Kennedy's urgent messages from the White House with lethargy—almost with yawns. The average Republican either doesn't agree with the president that the state of the economy is alarming, or is unwilling to associate himself with what might be interpreted as an open confession that the Eisenhower administration left problems behind. Also, he views with suspicion the pressure that is building up for a new round of social legislation, a further advance on the road to the welfare state. The average Southern Democrat, though unconcerned about how the Eisenhower record may appear in retrospect, opposes social legislation as strongly as any Republican and is not favorably disposed toward Kennedy, because of Kennedy's espousal of civil liberties.

Few Republicans and perhaps fewer Southern Democrats will support Kennedy's New Frontier program unless public opinion forces them to do so. The president's task is to stir up the requisite amount of public opinion without stirring up fear. He's well aware that if he goes too far, if he seriously undermines confidence, all possible benefits of the legislation he wants could be cancelled out, and more. That's why, in trying to convince the American people that decisive steps are needed to improve the economy and increase employment, so that the people in turn will convince Congress, John Kennedy has carefully balanced unpleasant statistics with forward-looking recitals of U. S. strengths and potentials. Even so, his detractors are contrasting his sober attitude with Franklin D. Roosevelt's famous assertion, "The only thing we have to fear is fear itself," and are saying that the same kind of ringing optimism from Kennedy might have served a valuable purpose.

While there's no way of measuring the impact Kennedy's statements have had on business, there are certainly no signs of real panic. Yet the mood of the U. S. is less buoyant than it was last fall. Last fall's buoyant mood, of course, may have been unwarranted. The Republicans, with a presidential election in the offing, were quite naturally anxious to maintain the impression that the economy was at the peak of health. They succeeded fairly well. But, once the election was over, the dark spots in the picture grew more visible—unemployment, depressed areas, depressed industries, a rising rate of business failures. ★

ENTERTAINMENT

Drab TV fare ahead under "Canadian content" rule

New private stations
will have little
drama, comedy or music

Canada's new private TV stations will, by April 1, have programming that is 45% Canadian in content, as required by the Board of Broadcast Governors. But:

✓ Viewers who don't dote on news capsules, weather forecasts and sports interviews and scores will be disappointed much of the time. Programs of this type (often presented as hour-long packages) make up half or more of present Canadian content on most new channels, and will continue to be the most heavily scheduled form of Canadian program after April 1.

✓ Not one of the seven new stations questioned by Maclean's reporters has any immediate plans, apparently, for a regular program of Canadian drama or serious music.

✓ Jazz will be rare, and even dance music, except as background for teenagers' dance-party programs, will seldom be heard.

✓ Apart from the witty sayings of variety-program hosts and the clever replies of the people they interview, comedy will not be noticeable on "Canadian content" programs. The more ambitious variety programs will feature occasional skits, but there are no Wayne and Shuster signed up for their own half-hour shows.

✓ Amateur talent programs, once widely considered the ace-in-the-hole for stations wanting to satisfy Canadian content rules on low budgets, will form only a small segment of programming on any new channel—and some stations will carry no regular amateur programs at all.

Despite these similarities, stations show some remarkable variations in their present and planned attacks on the Canadian content problem. (BBG rules call for 45% Canadian content this April 1; 55% by April '62.) Highlights of present and future programming:

Vancouver: Though president Art Jones boasted last summer that CHAN would "push hell out of the news," his station is carrying the fewest hours (eight per week) of news (including weather and sports reports) of the seven stations surveyed. A daily 90-minute program for children makes up the only other big chunk of Canadian programs. Coming by April 1: a daily show for women; a nightly half-hour variety program.

Calgary: With locally produced shows making up less than 12 of its weekly 64 hours of broadcasting, CFCN has been leaning heavily on National Film Board releases and British movies (the latter are given 50% credit under Canadian content rules). Likeliest new programs: interviews, amateur talent, a "home" show for housewives.

Winnipeg: CJAY's present mainstays are news (8½ hours a week) and children's and teenagers' programs (7½). Among new Canadian-content shows: Collegiate Capers (another hour a day for teenagers) and Twenty Questions, a panel game that program director Stewart MacPherson once produced on British radio.

Toronto: CFTO president Joel Aldred is having his problems (lower listener-ship ratings than he had expected; low

morale among employees, following mass dismissals); but he'll have no trouble satisfying the 45% rule. CFTO has what is probably the most varied assortment of Canadian programs of any private English-speaking TV station (heaviest on news, variety, shows for the under-21 set, and live sports coverage). By mid-February its Canadian content was 43% (percentages for most other stations were in the low 30s) and CFTO's station executives were negotiating film and tape exchanges that would help raise the percentage to 55 well before April '62.

Montreal: Now filling more than 10 hours a week with news-weather-sports programs and claiming Canadian content for hosts' appearances on film shows, CFCF intends to get its percentage up to 45 with new programs for gardeners, housewives and variety fans, plus live sports coverage (possibly NHL hockey and Big Four football).

Halifax: Not ready with permanent studios or full power until March 1, CJCH expects to be rehearsing many live shows right up to—and two days past—the April 1 deadline. But its list of Canadian content looks more ambitious than most: weekly half-hour shows of politics, economic and social problems, education, municipal affairs; daily offerings to include a variety show with a full orchestra, and a half-hour puppet show created especially for tiny Nova Scotians.

Ottawa: CJOH was due to go on the air March 12 and planned to make up most of its Canadian content with newscasts and regional features including mobile-unit coverage throughout the Ottawa Valley.

Next career for Yousuf Karsh: his own TV show

Yousuf Karsh, already a famous name as the world's foremost portrait photographer, may soon become a famous face too — on television.

If present plans bear fruit, he will star in a TV series showing Karsh taking pictures of famous people. Screen Gems, Columbia Pictures' TV subsidiary, is still working out the details of the show, to be based on Karsh's recent photo album, *Portraits of Greatness*, which has sold 40,000 copies in various editions at \$17.50 and \$20.

Screen Gems plans to show the master — either in his Ottawa or New York studios, or at locations all over the world — chatting with and photographing the famous, including many

pictured in *Portraits*. (Among those in his book: Winston Churchill, Konrad Adenauer, Ernest Hemingway, Pandit Nehru, Sir Laurence Olivier, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace, Dag Hammarskjöld.) The climax of each program will be the showing of the portrait Karsh has made. (Presumably this will be filmed at least a day later than the first part, to allow time for processing his work.)

Not content with this prospect of a second new career, Karsh is also busy becoming an author: He has already dictated several hours of his memoirs on a tape recorder.

THE CASE AGAINST Library Week: it could destroy our libraries

Canadian Library Week, which this year takes place from April 16 to 22, is a national plot to publicize the merits of libraries, books, and reading. It is supported by book publishers and librarians, and one of its objects—to wheedle more money for libraries out of illiterate town councillors—is admirable. But in its general appeal to the public to read more, and in the way it shills for reading, Canadian Library Week is a dubious enterprise.

Reading can easily lead nowhere at all, as it does for some librarians. Last year, in connection with Library Week, the librarians of Canada were asked which Canadian books are most significant. The list they came up with not only omitted all poetry written by anyone born in the 20th century, but also ignored our best writer, Morley Callaghan.

This year's Library Week slogan is: "Reading is the Key." The key to what? Well, a badly written piece of propaganda from the Library Week council says, "Reading is the key for all time and all persons, opening the door to inspiration, education, wisdom, and enduring pleasure." But isn't it true that dozens of well-read people lead lives obviously so uninspired, so unwise, so desperately out of shape that you could almost classify them as emotional and mental cripples? I would not suggest that reading has put them in this position, but it hasn't helped them, either.

The Canadian Library Week council generates TV plugs, newspaper stories, occasionally magazine articles. In this it's part of the tendency to merchandise culture — the same impulse that makes symphony orchestras hire Jack Benny to bring in customers. The uses of this approach are obvious. Not quite so obvious is the fact that it obscures the real function of symphonies—or books.

The real function of books has nothing to do with the publicity or popularity that Library Week seeks. A book is the most anti-social cultural object, because it can only be consumed in solitude. Some of the most worthwhile books do not give confidence; they shatter it. Many that are well worth reading do not provide practical help; they provide impractical dreams.

The idea of making libraries popular is an absurd contradiction. The real function of libraries is to make the best literature available, and since the best

literature is read only by a minority (in all times and all places) then the library which does its proper job will always be patronized by a minority. In a brief article issued by the Library Week council, a Lethbridge librarian says: "Libraries can be just as popular as anything else." When that happens, they can close their doors. — ROBERT FULFORD

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

Stratas' voice fails to save "Canadians"

The Canadians: Toronto's Teresa Stratas, a fast-rising soprano star at the Metropolitan Opera, sings two songs with polished artistry in this ambitious



western filmed in Saskatchewan for 20th Century-Fox. But it's a depressingly routine specimen and woefully sluggish in tempo. Robert Ryan is a fearless Mountie whose occupational hazards are mainly American imports: an army of Sioux

warriors and a passel of white gun-slingers from Montana.

Black Sunday: An Italo-American entry in the horror sweepstakes. Some of the acting is ludicrous and there are holes in the story but the haunted-castle atmosphere is enjoyably detailed and the whole production has a zany Gothic fascination. It's about a pair of 200-year-old vampires who terrorize a Russian village under Satan's orders.

Cimarron: An expensive but disappointing remake of a 1931 Oscar-winning epic based on the Edna Ferber novel about Oklahoma's land-rush pioneers. If memory serves, Richard Dix and Irene Dunne in the original version excelled Glenn Ford and Maria Schell in the new one. The land-rush scenes themselves are magnificently staged but everything thereafter is a gradual let-down.

Esther and the King: Italians and Americans, working together in Europe, have expanded and distorted the Old Testament story about the simple Jewish maiden who saves her people from the anger of Persia's king. With Richard Egan, Joan Collins, Denis O'Dea.

Parrish: This is Claudette Colbert's first movie in five years, and she does well as a charming widow who rashly marries a ruthless Connecticut tobacco tycoon (Karl Malden). In the title role as her son, teen-idol Troy Donahue woefully but handsomely battles against oppression and learns about love from a parcel of co-operative cuties, rich and poor alike. The yarn sustains interest despite excessive length (two hours, 17 minutes).

And these are worth seeing:

- ✓ **The Angry Silence**
- ✓ **The Entertainer**
- ✓ **Exodus**
- ✓ **The Facts of Life**
- ✓ **Key Witness**
- ✓ **Tunes of Glory**
- ✓ **Village of the Damned**





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Photographed at the Royal Highland Gathering of the Clans and Highland Games at Braemar in Aberdeenshire, this Scottish athlete is throwing the hammer. An annual event of early September, the Gathering is usually attended by the Royal family when they are in residence at nearby Balmoral Castle.

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By Ireland's Blarney Castle . . . and its famous kissing stone

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and paid me the prettiest compliments. "Flatterer", I said, in my best Irish brogue, "Tis as if you'd been kissing the Blarney Stone itself." "Talking of kissing . . ." he replied and the conversation languished for a while. He certainly reads a girl's thoughts! How else could he have known to match the magic of the moment with the chocolates I adore. Those divine Black Magic centres always go to my head

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